

Mr Ingham

The Musical World.

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VOL. 45—No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.

Price { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. PAULINE LUCCA.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), MAY 18TH,

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

Next Week there will be Five Performances, viz.: on MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY.

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, Signor Mario.

On MONDAY NEXT, May 20th, "FAUST E MARGHERITA."

Mdlle. Adelina Patti.

On TUESDAY NEXT, May 21st, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR."

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

On THURSDAY NEXT, May 23rd, "L'AFRICAINA." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock.

Extra Night.—Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Signor Mario.

On FRIDAY NEXT, May 24th, "DON GIOVANNI" (for the first time this season).

Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

On SATURDAY, May 25th, "FRA DIAVOLO."

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight. The Box-office under the Portico of the Theatre is open from Ten till Five. Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Debut of Madame GIACCONI.—First Appearance of Madame TREBELL-BETTINI.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), MAY 18TH, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA."

Gennaro, Signor Mongini; Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Gasieri; Maffeo Orsini, Madame Trebell-Bettini (her first appearance this season); Gubetta, Signor Bossi; Gazella, Signor Bertacchi; Vitellozzo, Signor Casaboni; Liverotto, Signor Manfredi; Rustighello, Signor Capello; and Lucrezia Borgia, Madame Giacconi (her first appearance in England).

Conductor - - - - - Signor ARDITI.

To conclude with a new Ballet Divertissement, composed by M. Lauri, entitled

"LES NYMPHES."

Mdlle. Lanza and Mdlle. Gosselin, supported by the Corps de Ballet.

Commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Pit Tickets, 7s.; Pit Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Box Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Amphitheatre Stalls, 7s. and 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes in the Upper Circle, One Guinea.

Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets may be had at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is open daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, from Ten till Six; and at the principal Librarians' and Musiciansellers.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—THE THIRD GRAND OPERA CONCERT AND PROMENADE. Vocalists:—Mdlle. Titiana, Mdlle. Eracelo, Mdlle. Baumeister, Madame Demeric-Lablache; Signor Taceo, Mr. Hohler, Signor Foll, Mr. Santley, and Herr Rokitsansky. The Crystal Palace Choir augmented to the number of 300 voices. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission, Five Shillings. Guinea Season Tickets free.

A more agreeable means of passing an afternoon can hardly be imagined than is now provided every Saturday at the Crystal Palace.—*Vide Newspapers.*

POSTPONEMENT.

MDLLE. RITA FAVANTI'S CONCERT, announced to be given at the BERNHOVEN ROOMS, is unavoidably postponed, owing to a domestic bereavement.

TO THE MUSIC PUBLISHING TRADE.

Unreserved Sale of the whole of the vast Stock of Music Plates and valuable Copyrights of Messrs. T. D'ALMAINE & Co., by direction of the Executors of the late T. G. MACKINLAY, Esq., F.S.A., in order to wind up the estate. The Goodwill of the Pianoforte Trade has been disposed of to Mr. EMMET, the late manager.

MR. ROBINS will Sell by Auction, at the Rooms, 21, Old Bond Street, on Monday, May 20th, and ten following days, at One o'clock precisely (Sunday excepted), as previously advertised,

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Catalogues, price 2s. 6d. each [gratis to the trade], may be had of P. S. BRISLEY, Esq., solicitor, 4, Pancras Lane, Chapside, E.C.; at the Rooms, 21, Old Bond Street; and of Mr. Robins, 5, Waterloo Place, Pall-Mall, S.W.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.

NEXT CONCERT, MONDAY, MAY 20, Eight o'clock. Symphonies, Pastorale (Beethoven); and two movements (Pashmouni) in E minor (Schubert). Concerto (Molique), violoncello, Herr Grützschacher; Concerto, 4 minor, (Mendelssohn), pianoforte, Herr Jaell. Vocalists, Mdlle. Sinico, Mdlle. Demeric-Lablache, and Mr. Hohler. Reserved seats, 15s.—L. Cook, Addison, and Co., 53, New Bond Street.—By order, STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary.

MAY 20.—THE MASTERS CHARLES AND ARTHUR

LE JEUNE will perform on the Great Organ in EXETER HALL, and also on the Pianoforte. Several Solos from the Oratorios will also be sung by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Cherer, and Miss Susan Gaiton. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets, specially reserved seats, 10s. 6d., 5s. (numbered), 2s. 6d., and 1s. each. To be had of Mr. J. Mitchell, Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street; of Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Chapside; and at Exeter Hall.

THE THIRD BALLAD CONCERT.—On Tuesday

evening, May 21, at St. James's Hall, THE THIRD OF THE LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, Director, Mr. JOHN ROOSEY. Artists.—Miss Louisa Pyne and Madame Sherrington, Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Banks, Miss Wells, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Cummings, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Winn, and Mr. Weiss. The Glee and Madrigals under the direction of Mr. J. L. Hutton; Pianoforte, Miss Madeline Schiller. Conductors, Mr. Frank Mori and Mr. J. L. Hutton. The programme will include the following songs:—1. "Oh! dear what can the matter be?" "The harp that once through Tara's halls;" and "John Anderson, my Jo, John"—Miss Louisa Pyne. 2. "Bid me discourse;" "The Angel's whisper" (Lover)—Miss Edith Wynne. 3. "Within a mile of Edinburgh;" "Come lassies and lads"—Mdlle. Liebhart. 4. "Jock o' Hazeldean;" "Oh! the oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree"—Miss Banks. 5. "Caller Herrin;" "Strangers yet" (Claribel); and "The green trees whisper" (Balfie)—Madame Sainton-Dolby. 6. "My pretty Jane;" "Sally in our Alley"—Mr. Cummings. 7. "Honour and Arms" (Handel); "While the lads of the village" (Dibdin)—Mr. Weiss. 8. "Oh, say not woman's heart is bought"—Mr. Montem Smith; "The Vicar of Bray"—Mr. Winn. 9. Vocal Duets:—"My pretty page, look out afar;" "I know a bank"—the Misses Wells. "O, willow, willow, willow;" "Oh, for a husband;" and "The Portrait"—Madame Sherrington. Miss Madeline Schiller will perform Mocheles' "Recollections of Ireland," Benedict's "Albion" Fantasia on English airs. Stalls, 6s.; Family Tickets, to admit Four, 21s.; Balcony, 2s.; Tickets, 2s. and 1s.; to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Chapside; and Boosey and Co., No. 28, Holles Street.

MR. JOHN THOMAS'S GRAND ORCHESTRAL

CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Wednesday Evening, June 19th.—His New Work, "THE BRIDE OF NEATH VALLEY," for the first time in London. Full Orchestra; Band of Harps; Principal Singers and United Choirs. Mr. Thomas will perform his Harp Concerto in B flat, with Orchestral Accompaniments, &c., &c. 53, Welbeck Street, W.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—MR. OBERTHUR'S EVEN-

ING CONCERT, on TUESDAY, June 4th, where a Selection from his Opera, "Floris de Namur" (which was performed at the Dual Court Theatre in Wiesbaden), will be given for the first time in England. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

MISS EMMA BUSBY'S MORNING CONCERT,

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, Tuesday, May 21st, at Three o'clock.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; Family Tickets (to admit Three), One Guinea; at the Musiciansellers, the Rooms, and of Miss Emma Busby, 9, Howley Place, W.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY and Mons. SAINTON beg to announce that their **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place at **St. James's Hall**, on Monday, May 20th, 1867, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock precisely. Vocalists: Madame Maria Vilda and Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Susan Pryne, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Ada Jackson, and Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Susan Pryne and Madame Sainton-Dolby, Signor Naudin and Signor Ciampi, Mr. George Perren, Signor Gustave Garcia, Mr. Jules Lefort, and Mr. W. H. Weiss. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Violins: Mr. Hill, Mr. Holmes, Herr Politzer, and M. Sainton. Conductors: MM. Benedict, Deacon, and Zerbin. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mons. Sainton, at their residence, 5, Upper Wimpole Street, W.; Chappell & Co., 60, New Bond Street; Keith, Frowse, & Co., 48, Cheap-side; George Dolby and Townsend, 230, Regent Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly.

MISS ELLICE JEWELL and Mr. HENRY BLAGROVE'S EVENING CONCERT, Tuesday, May 28th, at Eight o'clock, at **St. George's Hall**. Vocalists—Miss Anna Jewell, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Renwick. Instrumentalists—Messrs. H. Blagrove, Clementi, R. Blagrove, Dorrell, Aylward, and Miss Ellice Jewell. Stalls (reserved), 7s.; Balcony (unreserved), 4s.; and Area Tickets, 2s. 6d.; to be obtained of Miss Ellice Jewell, 2, Wigmore Street; Mr. H. Blagrove, 3, Hinde Street; and at Lamborn Cook & Co.'s, Bond Street.

HERR LEHMEYER has the honour to announce that his **ANNUAL GRAND CONCERT** will take place on **WEDNESDAY EVENING**, the 5th of June, at the **BEETHOVEN ROOMS**, Harley Street, on which occasion he will be assisted by the most eminent Artists of the Season. All information of **Herr LEHMEYER**, 37, Alfred Place, Bedford Square.

MR. WALTER BACHE'S ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, Wednesday, May 22nd, **BEETHOVEN ROOMS**, Harley Street, Three o'clock. Trio, C. A. Franck (p., v., vcllo); Solos (p.), by Silas and the Mephisto-Walzer—Liszt; Septuor (Tannhäuser, etc.)—Miss Ada Jackson, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Robert Mason, Mr. Ellis, Signor Gustave Garcia, M. de Fontanier, Mr. J. B. Welch, and Mr. Ralph Wilkinson. Pianoforte, Mr. Walter Bache; Violin, Herr Wiener; and Violoncello, Herr Daubert. Accompanist, Mr. Francesco Berger. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; L. Cook, Addison, & Co., 63, New Bond Street; and of Mr. Walter Bache, No. 38, Welbeck Street, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE begs to announce that his **SECOND ANNUAL CONCERT** will take place at the **ASSEMBLY ROOMS**, **Eyre Arms**, St. John's Wood, on Monday Evening, May 20th, 1867, to commence at Eight o'clock. He will be assisted by the following eminent artists:—Vocalists—Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Weiss, Miss Lucy Franklin, and Miss Palmer; Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Weiss. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Signor Tito Mattei; Mr. Bollen Harrison; Harp: Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, Mr. Cheshire. Conductors: Mr. Ganz, Mr. G. B. Allen, and Signor Randegger. Erard's Grand Pianoforte will be used on this occasion. Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Fabian, Musicseller, 10, Portland Place, St. John's Wood; and of Mr. Frank Elmore, at his residence, 128, Adelaide Road, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.

DUBLIN.—MR. GASKIN'S VOCAL CLASSES.

The following popular New Songs and Duets will be practised by the Pupils of Mr. Gaskin's Vocal Classes during the present Session:—

SONG, "SIGHING FOR TREE"	Jules Benedict.
BALLAD, "THE SPRING"	Wellington Guernsey.
DUET, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA"	Henry Smart.
SONG, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY"	Wilford Morgan.
CAVATINA, "MID THE ROSE LEAVES"	Wellington Guernsey.
BALLAD, "THE MAID OF MURIANO"	J. Guglielmo.
BALLAD, "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE"	W. Allen Smith.

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[AT PRESENT IN TOWN.]

ORGAN.—TO BE SOLD, a Bargain, an **ORGAN** suitable for a Gentleman's Hall or Small Church; contains 20 Stops, 2 Keyboards, Double Swell, and 15 Octave Pedals. Full particulars will be furnished by addressing "P 38," General Post Office, Liverpool.

TO MUSICSELLERS.—WANTED TO PURCHASE, a well-established and respectable **BUSINESS** in **PIANOFORTE** and **SHEET MUSIC TRADE**. In or near London preferred. Address, stating full particulars, to "X. Y. Z.," care of Messrs. ASHDOWN & PARRY, 18, Hanover Square, London.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Professional Gentleman (Mr. Rophio Lacy, Arranger for the English Stage of "Fra Diavolo," "Cinderella," etc.), known for many years both in a Musical and Dramatic capacity, now lying helpless on a bed of sickness, with all resources exhausted, respectfully and earnestly **APPEALS** to the Benevolent IN AID of his FAMILY and himself.—Further particulars may be known of Mr. T. Chappell, 59, New Bond Street; Mr. Mitchell, Old Bond Street; and C. Lonsdale, 26, Old Bond Street; and by whom any Contributions will be most thankfully received.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE, may now be **ENGAGED** for Large or Small Meetings, Concerts, Balls, Wedding Breakfasts, Bazaars, etc. Early applications are respectfully solicited. For terms, apply to Mr. Fish, at the Rooms.

ROBERT COCKS, Proprietor.

MISS MARY WEBER will play **Mr. F. WEBER's NOTTURNO** in E flat, at the Composer's Morning Concert, St. George's Hall, Thursday, June 20th.

MISS EMMELINE COLE, Mr. FRANK ELMORE, and **Mr. LEWIS THOMAS** will sing **RANDEGGER's** popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), at Mr. Frank Elmore's Concert, Eyre Arms, St. John's Wood, Monday, May 20th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing **WALLACE's** "SONG OF MAY," at Mr. F. Weber's Morning Concert, St. George's Hall, Thursday, June 20th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing **BENEDICT's** admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Miss Busby's Matinée, at the Hanover Square Rooms, Tuesday, May 21st.

MISS KATE GORDON will play **ASCHER's** Romance, "ALICE," ASCHER's "L'AMOUR DU PASSE," and **WALLACE's** Galop "THE CZAR," at Myddelton Hall, May 27th, and at her Evening Concert, June 26th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing **BENEDICT's** popular Variations on "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," May 23rd, Cambridge; 25th, Drury Lane Theatre (Balsir Chatterton's Concert); and 27th, St. James's Hall.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to announce to his Friends and Pupils that he will return to London for the Season on the 20th of May. All communications respecting Concerts, Lessons, etc., address, care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W. Glasgow, April 9th, 1867.

MR. LEONARD WALKER will sing "LARGO AL FACTOTUM," "SULLA POPPA DEL MIO BRIK," and "MIRA DE ARCEBE LAGRIME" (the Duet from "Trovatore"), at the Myddelton Hall, Islington, on the 27th inst.

MR. DAVID LAMBERT will sing the new song, "SHE NEVER CAN BE MINE" (composed expressly for him by Mr. ALLEN SMITH), at all his concert engagements during the ensuing season.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new and popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Mansion House, Tuesday Evening, May 28th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," on May 27th, at Mr. Gardner's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms; 29th, at Herr Ries' Concert, Hanover Square Rooms; 31st, at St. George's Hall; and at all his Engagements during the Season.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan gave 'My Sweetheart when a Boy' so exquisitely that he was recalled."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan (of whose very successful debut at a Philharmonic Concert we lately had occasion to speak) sang a pretty song, composed by himself, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy,' displaying vocal qualities which probably come nearer to Mr. Sims Reeves than any other English tenor of the day."—*Globe*.

"Mr. Wilford Morgan was encored in his own song, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy.'"—*Morning Star*.

MR. THEODORE DISTIN will sing **KLOSS's** new and successful song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT," at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 27th May.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "THE MESSAGE," and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Townwater, July 4th.

MR. CHARLES HALL (Musical Director of the Royal Princess's Theatre) continues to impart instruction to Professional Pupils in the Art of Singing for the Stage.—Residence, 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. KING HALL, Solo Pianist and Accompanist (late of the Royal Academy of Music), receives Pupils at his residence, 199, Euston Road, N.W., where applications respecting Concerts, Solrdes, etc., are respectfully requested to be addressed.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing **BENEDICT's** "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Eyre Arms, May 20th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing **REICHARDT's** Lied, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," at the Beethoven Rooms, May 23rd; and St. George's Hall, May 31st and June 4th.

MR. SUPPUS, Professor of Music, begs to announce that he gives Lessons on the Guitar, Violin, Piano, and Singing; and there are Meetings for Amateurs for the Practice of Trios, Quartets, etc., on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from Four to Six o'clock, at his residence, 3, Upper James Street, Golden Square, which he superintends.

SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA and MADAME MARELLI-GARCIA beg to announce their arrival in Town for the Season. Address & Charles Street, Manchester Square, or to the care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

(From the "Saturday Review.")

The two opera houses are now open, and running their accustomed course, the one against the other. Mr. Gye began on the 2nd of April, Mr. Mapleson on the 27th of the same month. Up to the present moment neither has gone much out of the beaten track. Mr. Gye has brought forward some new singers, while Mr. Mapleson has revived an old opera. The new singers have not been remarkably successful, nor has the old opera satisfied many people that it was really worth revival. A word or two about each in turn, however, with some brief observations on the general proceedings at both houses up to the present time, may not be unacceptable to those among our readers who take an interest in the progress of the Italian lyric drama in London. We begin with Covent Garden.

The Royal Italian Opera, on its opening night, gave the thoroughly worn-out *Norma*, a work which can only be made attractive nowadays by the aid of a young, unknown, and exceptionally gifted representative of the chief part. Madame Maria Vilda, who created some little sensation last year, was unknown, it is true, and if not unusually gifted, gifted at least with a soprano voice of fine quality, considerable power, and extended compass. But she was not by any means young, while she was an indifferent singer and a worse than indifferent actress. The lapse of a twelvemonth has not made her younger, nor has it brought any sign of improvement. So that the two performances of Bellini's tragic opera were anything rather than exciting. If rumour may be credited it is more than probable that we have seen the last of Madame Vilda as a Covent Garden "star," and that her future efforts will be limited to the music-rooms in the capital, and in such country towns as are enterprising enough to support Philharmonic Societies, or subscription concerts, amounting to the same thing. So much the better for the Covent Garden subscribers; and so much the better, we cannot but think, for Madame Vilda. Of Signor Naudin's Pollio, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's Adalgisa, and Signor Attri's Orovoso, there is nothing new to say, unless that the Pollio and Adalgisa are laboured without being very good, and that the Orovoso is tolerably good without being laboured. There have been but two endurable Pollios on the stage in the present generation—Mario and Tamberlik. To *Norma* succeeded *Faust e Margherita*, with Mdle. Pauline Lucca, Mdle. Morensi, Signor Mario, and M. Petit in the principal characters. Signor Mario's Faust is what it has been from the first—in spite of physical failings, the best Faust in the world. Mdle. Lucca's Margaret retains its salient characteristics, and is as unequal and as charming a performance as before. It seems to us that she has improved as a singer, and that she is gradually becoming more at ease with the strange language to which she is compelled to accommodate herself at the London Opera. Mdle. Morensi, the American *mezzo soprano* (Siebel), remains precisely where she was, and is likely to remain until she learns how to make better use of a capable voice. We have had two Valentines—Signor Guadagnini, who was a failure, and Signor Cotogni, of whom we shall have to speak further on. These, and M. Petit, from the Paris Théâtre-Lyrique, are among the new singers to whom Mr. Gye has introduced the English public. M. Petit has frequently played Mephistopheles in Paris, and is well acquainted with the "traditions" of the part. He is much more "demonstrative," or, in plainer language, much more pantomimic, in his stage demeanour than either M. Faure or Signor Attri, his predecessors. But, though superfluously given to elaborate gesture, he has a fair conception of the character, and, judged from the French point of view, acts it uncommonly well. M. Petit's voice, a bass-baritone of considerable power and not unpleasant quality, is as markedly French as his style of singing. But he is an artist; and this fact, too rare in our day, would atone for many more shortcomings than can be laid at his door. *Faust e Margherita* has been represented already some half-dozen times, and appears to have lost none of its popularity.

We have had, of course, several performances of "the irrepressible" *Africaine*, which, however, must be always welcome, in spite of its absurd libretto, not only on account of the quantity of beautiful music it contains, but because Selika is unquestionably the character in which Mdle. Lucca, both as singer and actress, shines to most advantage. Her death-scene under the Mancanilla tree is picturesque and expressive in the highest degree. About

the Vasco di Gama of M. Naudin (the best that Meyerbeer himself could select for Paris) and the Inez of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington it would be difficult to say another word. The Nelusko, however, of Signor Cotogni, upon whom, the number of important parts for which he is set down taken into consideration, the manager greatly depends, merits a passing notice. It is quite as earnest without being nearly as exaggerated as the Nelusko of Signor Graziani—one of those tragic exhibitions rather to be classed in the *risum movere* than in the *lacrymas excire* category. Signor Cotogni has not the voice of Signor Graziani, nor has he the method which enables his contemporary to avoid the so-called *tremolo* on sustained notes—a physical vice, not (as some contend) a fault in taste of our day. This radical defect comes in most instances (that, for example, of Signor Tamberlik being a remarkable exception) from inefficient early training of the voice, and is rarely to be conquered as years pass on. It is the more to be regretted in Signor Cotogni, who phrases often well, makes himself thoroughly intimate with the music allotted to him, and can sing with genuine feeling. Paris as yet has alone been favoured with the Nelusko of M. Faure; and we are therefore justified in saying that the best Nelusko who has hitherto appeared in London is Signor Cotogni. The revival of Auber's comic opera, *Fra Diavolo*, after Mdle. Lucca's great triumph in the part of Zerlina last summer, was a matter of course; as a matter of course, too, Signor Mario was again announced in the prospectus as representative of the fascinating Brigand; and as a matter of course, when the time came round, the part again devolved upon Signor Naudin. About the *Fra Diavolo* of Signor Naudin we have already written more than enough; nor can we see any reason to modify the not very favourable opinion it produced upon us from the beginning. It is a lay figure, dressed first as a travelling marquis, then as a mountain robber, and wound up at intervals to emit vocal sounds in the shape of melody or recitative. But the Zerlina of Mdle. Lucca, though occasionally *tant soit peu déchevelée*, is nothing less than delightful, and this not forgetting one or two manifestly erroneous readings of the music. Signor Ronconi (alas!) being *non inventus*, we have a new Lord Roeburg in Signor Ciampi, whose impersonation of the eccentric English nobleman cannot assuredly be accused of plagiarism. Mdle. Morensi is once more "Miladi," looking and acting far better than she sings. The two grotesque thieves are impersonated by Signor Tagliafico, whose Beppo is unique, and Signor Capponi, a gentleman with a bass voice which alone should make his fortune, and who might be safely entrusted with parts of greater importance than have hitherto fallen to his lot. How deliciously fresh, melodious, and natural is the music of *Fra Diavolo*, from the sparkling overture, with its characteristic drums and trumpets, to the end, compared with that of certain operas we are forced to listen to, and which we would willingly change for some other such comic work from the same prolific pen! For instance, Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*—which we have had twice already, and which brought back, in the character of Amelia, the heroine, that most uninteresting of *prime donne absolute*, Mdle. Fricci—might well be laid aside for a season in favour of Auber's *Gustave III.*, founded upon the same story, laid out in the same manner, and the music of which is worth all that Verdi ever composed. Signor Mario could play and sing Gustavus the Third just as well as he does the imaginary "Count Richard, Governor of Naples"—not better, that is impossible. And then the character of Ankastrom is treated by Auber far more nobly than Signor Verdi has treated his Ankastrom—the regicide Renato, played in such lachrymose style by Signor Graziani, whose sympathetic baritone voice, however, is heard to eminent advantage in the "O dolcezze perdute" of the fourth act. Between Auber's Sorceress and Verdi's Ulrica, as between Auber's Page and Verdi's Oscar, there can be no comparison. Well as Mdle. Morensi gives the music of Ulrica (and she has done nothing else so well), she would have just as fair an opportunity in the more genial music of the French composer; while Mdle. Nau, a very young lady with a scarcely audible voice, who came out the other night as Oscar, inexperienced as she is, might find in the sparkling music of Auber's Page a better test of her ability, and, being herself a Frenchwoman, accommodate herself to it all the more easily. Nevertheless, there are beautiful things in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and especially in the second and third acts, each in its way a masterpiece. The opera, however, has never completely laid hold of the English public, although the book is dramatic and good,

and the music on the whole equal to anything we know of its composer's. As given now at Covent Garden its chief attraction is the Duke of Signor Mario, a performance, when he is in good voice—as was the case on the night of its first representation—not to be surpassed.

The recent production of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was so successful that it was only natural it should be among the earliest revivals. It came, however, so late in the season of last year that we are absolved from writing about it now at any length. The opinions of musical judges are much divided as to whether *Le Nozze* or *Don Giovanni* is Mozart's greatest dramatic work. The fact is, they are equally fine treatments of subjects very different, although both subjects of intrigue, the supernatural features of *Don Giovanni* superadding a new element, with which the genius of Mozart, as the result showed, was fully able to grapple. The cast of *Figaro* differs from that of last year in two important particulars. Instead of Mdle. Désirée Artot as the Countess, we have now Mdle. Fricci—by no means an improvement. Instead of M. Faure as the Barber, we have M. Petit, whose performance of a character so much more musically important than that of Mephistopheles, in which he made his *début*, has certainly raised him in the estimation of the public. M. Petit is generally correct in his execution of the music. For a Frenchman, too, he is more voluble and at ease than might have been expected in the *recitativo parlante*, while he portrays the character with sufficient vivacity. His delivery of the famous "Non più andrai" is a little wanting in point and vigour; but this was the feeblest part in a performance on the whole highly creditable. The Cherubino of Mdle. Luca is as lively and piquant as before, even more *déchevelée* (if possible) than her Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*, but charming throughout. She sings the two airs (especially "Voi che sapete") in a manner peculiar to herself, and which let no other Cherubino, at her peril, endeavour to imitate—for only with Mdle. Luca would it pass muster. Signor Graziani was again the jealous, and by no means immaculate, Count; Madame Lemmens the intriguing Susanna. Mr. Costa has done good service in restoring the quaint *fandango* in A minor, by which the design of the *finale* of the third act is completed. About two minutes used to be saved by the excision of a movement absolutely essential to the plan of the most logical of composers. Mr. Costa also does away with the trombones, too often interpolated in a score which, a masterpiece as it stands, can only lose by additions, modifications, or alterations of any kind.

There has been one representation of Auber's *Masaniello*—by no means the best we have witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera. M. Naudin (*Masaniello*) was suffering from cold—as a printed circular informed the audience. But the entire performance, compared with former years, was tame, and left the house comparatively unmoved by the most brilliant dramatic music ever composed by a Frenchman. The part of the dumb girl, Fenella, was entrusted to a *ballerina* (Mdle. Mora), by no means of the first class even as a *ballerina*, and as a mimic actress absolutely null. Madame Lemmens was Elvira, Signor Graziani Pietro, and Signor Neri-Baraldi Alphonso. But for the orchestra, the ballet, and the "spectacle," *Masaniello* would have fallen dead; for the chorus stands sadly in need of reinforcement at Covent Garden.

However, Mdle. Adelina Patti has returned, and her first appearance as Rosina, in the immortal *Barbiere*, attracted the most crowded, brilliant, and enthusiastic audience of the season. Mdle. Patti is, after all, Mr. Gye's most precious acquisition. Year by year she advances, and happily she is still very young. Her voice, too, gains in strength; in flexibility and sweetness of quality it had nothing to gain. On the first night Mdle. Patti had the happy idea of singing her *cavatina*, "Una voce poco fa," in the original key (E), and this unlooked-for innovation helped her to reveal a warmth and mellowness in her middle and lower tones that would hardly have been expected from a *soprano sfogato* like hers. On the second occasion she transposed the air half a tone higher (F), by which, doubtless, additional brilliancy was obtained. But let Mdle. Patti sing "Una voce" in any key she pleases, one thing is certain—that no one else can sing it like her; nor can any one else now before the public sustain the character of Rosina, vocally and dramatically, as she does. She was not well supported on the occasion of her *entrée*. Signor Mario (*Almaviva*—and the

Almaviva of *Almavivas*) was indisposed; he had been, it was said, to Paris, to see M. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette*, in which he is to play Romeo at Covent Garden, and caught a cold; Signor Cotogni, wholly destitute of humour, is not at all the Figaro to replace Ronconi; and Signor Ciampi's Bartolo needs no description. But it was Mdle. Adelina Patti's first night, and the audience were in raptures. In the lesson-scene she introduces the *bolero* from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (Verdi), and being encoired, gives "Home, sweet home" (in pure English) in its place. It is all one; whatever she deigns to sing is sure to be acceptable. Mdle. Patti's second part (the other night) was Lucia, in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in her delineation of which she exhibited even a larger amount of the *vis tragica* than in her very remarkable performance of last year. To this we may possibly return. The Edgardo was Signor Fancelli, the new tenor who made his *début* in the same part last year. To his performance we need not return. The Enrico was Signor Graziani; Bide-the-Bent was represented by Signor Capponi, with the splendid bass; and Arturo by a new tenor—Signor Marino (a Spaniard), whose voice and manner of singing seem to us decidedly superior to the voice and manner of singing of the gentleman who undertook the more important character of Edgardo.

The orchestra at Covent Garden, under the direction of Mr. Costa, is what it has ever been; and it is alone worth a visit to the theatre to hear the overtures to the various operas performed by this magnificent body of instrumentalists—to say nothing of the admirable manner in which they play the accompaniments throughout.

SPONTINI AND RAUPACH.*

It is interesting to consider Spontini and Raupach in their relations to each other.

Raupach was fond of speaking French, and spoke it excellently. Spontini used to listen with admiration to this gift of fluency so rare in a German scholar who had devoted himself to one particular branch of study, and bowed with respect before the accomplished historian, who, on his part, was very partial to sitting at the dinner-table of the Director General of Music. Immediately the conversation was directed to that art, Raupach, in his turn, bowed down before Spontini—as much at least as the back of so upright a man would allow him to bow. But the worthy Spontini had long since written himself out, and we must by no means blame Raupach's libretto alone if the powerful or pleasing melodies of the *Vestalin* and *Cortez* were not continued. They had proved obstinate even in the case of *Olympia*, very many years previously, when Hoffman, the fantastic "Kammergerichtsath," himself an operatic composer, and once a conductor, who had been transformed from a critical opponent into a willing colleague, had endeavoured to smooth the path for them. They had made but a sorry appearance in *Nourmahal*, oder *das Rosenfest in Kaschemir* (which Berlin street-wit changed into *Nur nich noch'n mal, oder der Hosenrest von Kasimir*), and had remained completely absent from *Aleidor* (*Allzu toll*), despite all the enticements of three anvils tuned in harmony. Spontini felt this deficiency most deeply. He made a fuss from mere despair, because his genius whispered sorrowfully to him that the spring was dried up, from whose sweetly murmuring current Licinius and Julia had drawn their glowing accents of love. He was, therefore, attracted once more to those days when, as a young man, he had dreamt, in orange groves, of laurels which the hand of a world-conqueror was to weave for him; the reminiscences of his youth, of his first essays, rose up again, and, even before *Agnes von Hohenstaufen* was concluded, he asked Raupach to assist him in spinning out the one act of the opera of *Milton* into several. He then intended to do the same himself with the music, and of the operetta to make "un grand ouvrage." This was his favourite expression, in consequence of which we gave him the nickname of "outragetapage." In the midst of the animated conversation at table, Raupach promised that he would carry out this idea, but afterwards regretted having done so. This occasioned my being mixed up in the matter, under circumstances, which, from their strangeness, strike me as worth relating. It was in the summer of 1831, in Kemper's Garden, where the literary world

* From Holtei's *Charpie*.

used to assemble during the fine season, that Raupach drew me on one side and stated that he was about to drink the waters and start for some watering place—I do not know which. This rendered it impossible for him to set at once about *Milton*, and, as Spontini was very impatient and believed it was in summer that his music was particularly productive, he, Raupach, had proposed I should undertake the work in his place. "You will," he added "be at the same time doing me a service. As you always interweave songs into your comedies, you are more familiar with the sing-song business than I am. I shall be very grateful to you if you will allow me to agree in your name to the scheme. Save me!"—I consented without raising any objections. In my eccentric friendship for our C. M. von Weber, so envied and in secret opposed by Spontini, I had been guilty of so many pieces of juvenile impertinence against the Italian Knight that I was glad of an opportunity of showing my readiness to serve the minstrel of the *Vestalin*, and thus, in some degree, to make up for any former acts of thoughtlessness with respect to him. My intention was to go to him within a very short time, and offer my services. I promised Raupach, before he went away, that I would do so. But how shall I describe my astonishment, on returning from a walk the very next day, to find my wife behind a mountain of books, and to learn that Spontini had called, had waited for me several hours, had invited me to dine with him on the morrow, and commended to my notice the hundred volumes before me—which his panting servant had lugged up from the carriage—in order that, by their perusal, I might render myself familiar with the costume of the country, in which the scene of the projected opera was laid. The books consisted of a French translation of Walter Scott's works, from A to Z, together with a number of other Scottish stories, travels and poems, including even *Ossian*; *Milton*, of course, was also there.

I thought, in my own mind, "he takes the thing very seriously," and immediately set out in order to free myself once for all from his dinner parties, at which I feared I should meet a certain Dr. Sobernheim, a parasitical adherent of Spontini's, and for me the most insupportable of all newspaper critics. I determined to beg Spontini to fix on some other time for our meetings. At his house I found all the scenes for the future grand opera of *Milton*, not in the form of mere sketches but as highly-finished pictures by master hands. On his writing-table, whereon lay also a number of delicate goose quills, was a most neatly-written copy of the sketch of the Introduction, for which he requested me to write a few couplets, "Scotch peasants come across the mountains, meet, and sing a chorus." A word of warning hastily escaped me, and I uttered the syllables, "*Dame Blanche*," but he paid no attention to what I said. "It is all one to me," I murmured, as I went my way. The following morning I took him the verses he wanted, helped to fit them to the music, and begged for some further insight into the plot. Will anyone believe that the matter stopped here? Three times did I go again, and three times did I find the *maestro* exhausted, as it appeared to me, slowly painting one note after the other, counting each syllable, ordering new words, rejecting what was done, taking a new sheet of paper and farther we never got. "At this rate," I wrote to him at the expiration of a week, "we shall spend a year on the first scene, and I cannot devote all my life to this work. I find myself obliged, therefore, to give it up."—When Raupach returned from drinking the waters, he perfectly approved of what I had done, and I never heard anything more of the opera of *Milton*.

CHATHAM.—A concert was given in the Lecture Hall on Thursday evening, May 9th, by Mackney, the celebrated "bouffon." The following are the names of the performers by whom he was accompanied:—Miss Grace Armytage, Madame Somerville, Mr. H. C. Sanders, and Mr. Henry Nicholson, flautist, who, a host in himself, represented the instrumental force. The primal features of the entertainment consisted, of course, in Mackney's performances, which created a furor. To the Mackney sensation may be added Miss Grace Armytage's singing of a song entitled, "Softly the chimes are ringing," a charming and neatly written composition, thoroughly suited to the voice and style of its interpreter. Madame Somerville, besides doing duty as accompanist, gave several ballads with much taste, and experienced a most flattering reception. The various pieces which Messrs. Henry Nicholson and H. C. Sanders contributed to the programme were warmly applauded. The concert was a perfect success.

R. S. G.

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

The simultaneous revival of *Le Nozze di Figaro* at both opera houses is a boon to the lovers of Mozart's music in particular and to amateurs of music in general. The performance at the Royal Italian Opera, as far as the orchestral and concerted music is concerned, leaves nothing to wish. The overture, one of the most spirited ever composed, is admirably played, and nothing could well be more effective than the great *finales* of the second and fourth acts, in which two or three of the principal singers are, perhaps, more to be commended than even in their solos. Mr. Costa wisely distributes the opera into four acts, according to Mozart's own plan, and, by the restoration of the very characteristic *fandango* to the third *finale*, not only brings back that pleasing variety aimed at by the composer in the festive scene which celebrates the nuptials of Figaro and Susanna, but imparts to it the symmetry of form which is an invariable characteristic of Mozart. Nor does he increase the loudness, at the expense of the delicate colouring, of the orchestral accompaniments, through the employment of wind instruments not to be found in the original score. For these concessions to good taste Mr. Costa is entitled to the thanks of all who believe that the design of a master should never in any way be tampered with.

The present cast of *Le Nozze* differs from that of last year in two important particulars. The part of the Countess now falls to Madame Fricci-Baraldi, in place of Mdle. Désirée Artot; while Figaro is represented by M. Petit, in lieu of M. Faure—Frenchman for Frenchman. In neither instance is the change for the better. Madame Fricci, though, as always, careful and intelligent, seems over-weighted in both her airs, "*Porgi amor*" and "*Dove sono*"—in the latter, which is also the most difficult, especially. But neither the part nor the music that enriches it is precisely suited to her means. In the concerted music, however, she is invariably painstaking and correct—a matter of no slight consequence. M. Petit presents us with a bustling and, on the whole, judged from the French point of view, acceptable Figaro. The personage of Figaro is Spanish; the author of the two comedies in which he bears so conspicuous a part was French; Mozart, who was German, composed his opera to a libretto written by Da Ponte, an Italian, in Italian. So that, it might be argued, there are several ways of looking at the character. One thing, nevertheless, is pretty certain—Mozart's Figaro is essentially German, and the whole opera, while rife with that flowing melody of which the great musician must have imbibed large draughts during his youthful travels in Italy, is thoroughly German, more so even than *Don Giovanni*, if somewhat less so than *Die Zauberflöte*. These considerations, however, have little to do with M. Petit, who has possibly played Figaro at the Théâtre-Lyrique, and gives the same idea of it, in another language, upon another stage. He sings the music carefully, with less point, no doubt, in "*Non più andrai*," in which Figaros, endowed with good bass voices, generally produce their chief effect, than elsewhere, but seldom indifferently, and always as if he understood the immediate purport of what he has to sing. In his histrionic portraiture of the character, though he overlooks the fact that Figaro on the point of marriage has become a somewhat more staid personage than the eager factotum of the *Barber of Seville*, he exhibits certain qualities, and above all a thorough familiarity with the business of the scene, which fairly separate him from the herd of commonplace actors and justify a hope that he may ultimately attain excellence. We shall watch his progress with interest. The part of the Count is not well suited to the peculiar talent of Signor Graziani, but it contains musical phrases in which the eminently rich tones of his almost exceptional voice become irresistible. The impassioned "*Crudel perchè finora*," for example, is a striking instance; and no wonder—admirably, in the bargain, as Susanna's music is given by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—that the audience insist upon a repetition of this, one of the most familiar as it is one of the most beautiful of all existing duets. Among the other pieces which involve a similar penalty are the well-known duet, "*Sull' aria*," where the Countess dictates the letter of intrigue to Susanna, and Cherubino's "*Voi che sapete*," delivered with singularly earnest expression by Mdle. Lucca, who imparts to every sentence, by gesture, look, and vocal tone, a pointed significance that belongs essentially to the realistic school, of which this clever and gifted lady is one of the foremost actual representatives.

Anything livelier, anything more piquant and original than Mdle. Lucca's entire impersonation of the sentimental Page, in whom the want of something to love and the inherent love of mischief are equally proportioned qualities, has rarely been witnessed in our time. But not to enter again so soon into matters that were examined in detail at the close of last season, we shall merely add that the other parts are played by Signor Ciampi (Dr. Bartolo); Mdle. Anese (Marcellina); Signor Neri-Baraldi (Basilio), who is wise in retaining the air, "In quegli anni" (Act IV.), which he sings remarkably well; and Signor Polonini (Antonio, the gardener), whose drunken scene in the *finale* to the second act is a rare bit of genuine comedy.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

The first performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mdle. Adelina Patti as the unhappy heroine, awakened fresh interest in an opera as hackneyed as any in the Italian lyric repertory. This was the case last year, when it was revived, after, as far as Covent Garden is concerned, four years' rest. Impassioned and touching as was Mdle. Patti's performance in 1866, it is even more so in 1867. Nothing could easily surpass the earlier scenes. Upon the brilliant execution of the recitative, air and *cabaletta*, "Regnava nel silenzio"—which, though originally the music that accompanied Lucia's first scene used so often, by Madame Persiani and others, to be replaced by "Perché non ho," from another opera—it is unnecessary to dwell; nor about the duet with Edgardo which brings down the curtain upon the first act need we say a word more than that love at once earnest, innocent, and confiding has rarely been simulated with more natural grace than by Mdle. Patti, nor have love passages in music been uttered in more speaking accents. It is in the duet with her brother, Enrico, that the tragic phase of Lucia's character is first revealed. Here, as all opera-goers are aware, in order to persuade his sister to abandon the lover of her choice for one of his own choosing, Enrico shows her a forged letter, by which she is persuaded into a belief that Edgardo is false to his vows. The change of countenance at the mere sight of the letter, the sudden snatching it from Enrico's hand, the rapid perusal and the convulsive exclamation—

"Me infelice!
Ah!—la folgore piombo!"

are subtle and delicate touches; but the growing despair of Lucia as she becomes more and more persuaded of her brother's fixed purpose of uniting her to Arturo, which culminates at the point when, apprised by Enrico of the immediate approach of her intended husband, the blood freezing in her veins, she ejaculates the word "Tremo!" is not merely equal to the situation, but a realization of the situation to which we are unable to recall a parallel. Indeed, Mdle. Patti's performance in this duet is as instinct with deep meaning as anything that comes after. A more moving picture than that presented by her looks, attitudes and gestures could not easily be imagined. The signing of the contract, which follows, is admirable from end to end. Lucia rather totters than walks into the hall, which is to witness the act of her life's sacrifice—physically helpless and more and more in need of support at every step. At length she seizes the pen and indites the fatal word that separates her for ever from Edgardo, and at that instant her maligned lover himself appears. The appending of the signature and the revulsion of feeling at the unexpected apparition of Edgardo are strokes of true genius. The famous septet, with chorus, led off by the enraged Edgardo (enthusiastically called for again), to which the appealing tones of Lucia, vainly invoking death to come to her aid, lend such poignant interest, and the sequel, when the much suffering maiden writhes under and ultimately succumbs to the terrible malediction of her lover, form together a worthy and artistically reached climax to a scene of the rarest excellence. Of the last scene in which Lucia appears, when, bereft of reason, she gives vent to the wandering imaginings of a distracted mind, and ultimately rushes off to self-destruction, as much and more might be written. But enough has been adduced to show our high estimation of this last effort of Mdle. Patti, who, if she goes on thus advancing as an actress, might abandon singing altogether, and take to the non-lyric stage with a certainty of winning a new renown.

Enough to add that her whole performance was appreciated according to its deserts.

Signor Fancelli, who made his first appearance last year as Edgardo, is just where he was before. The part is too much for him. He has merit, nevertheless, a good, though not by any means powerful voice, and considerable earnestness. Indeed, he may, if properly employed, become a very useful member of Mr. Gye's company; but as a representative of tenor parts of such high dramatic importance as Edgardo we can scarcely believe that he is destined at any time to become eminent. Signor Graziani's Enrico is familiar to the frequenters of this theatre, as a careful and in its way a highly finished performance; and we have seldom known the part of Raimondo (Bide-the-Bent) confided to a singer with a more sonorous bass than that of Signor Capponi, who is steadily making way. A word, too, is justly due to a new tenor, Signor Marino, who has a voice of extremely pleasing quality, and sings the small part of Arturo (Bucklaw) as we do not remember to have heard it sung before. Signor Marino might safely, we think, be intrusted with some character of greater responsibility than this, and the still more insignificant one of Don Alvar, in the *Africaine*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Communicated).

As usual about the period of Epsom Races, when a large number of strangers and foreigners visit London, the special attractions of the Crystal Palace are numerous. This year they are more frequent than ever, as is evidenced by the cost of admission for the next ten days more than covering the cost of the entire year's guinea season ticket. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the sale of season tickets has been very considerable.

On Saturday next the third opera concert of the season will take place, at which the artists of Her Majesty's Theatre will appear for the first time, Mdle. Tietjens, Mr. Santley, Mr. Hohler, and other members of the company being engaged. On the following Monday a ballad concert will be held, at which Mr. Sims Reeves will sing "Sally in our Alley," "My pretty Jane," and "Scots wha hae." Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdle. Liebhart, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. and Mrs. Patey, and other popular singers will also appear. The announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's name in a ballad concert always draws a large concourse of visitors.

The first great display of fireworks and illumination of fountains will take place on Thursday, 23rd May. This display has been in preparation during the winter months, and comprises several novelties, and an improved descent of comets in full blaze. The Palace will be lighted up for evening promenade after the illumination of the fountains. The success of these great pyrotechnic displays last season was so marked that they are looked upon as important events in the coming year. Admission tickets to this, and to the opera concerts and flower show, if bought a day or two beforehand, are only half the price of admission by payment on the day.

The great Flower Show at the Crystal Palace—one of the events of the London fashionable season—is appointed for Saturday, May 25th. The show, it is anticipated, will be unusually fine. It also enjoys the advantage of being fixed for the day appointed for the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The Law Courts and Government Offices being closed, a large accession of visitors may be looked for.

The preparations for the great Festival Benefit Concert, which it is intended to hold on Wednesday, 26th June, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the Palace, are progressing favourably. The distinguished patronage under which it is understood that it will be announced and the long list of eminent artists whose services are placed at the disposal of the directors for this occasion, will render it one of unusual interest. It is anticipated that a notification will be made in the course of a few days of the issue of guinea stalls for the festival, which will be under similar arrangements to the great Handel Festivals held at the Crystal Palace; and as, apart from the interest excited by the unparalleled combination of artists who will appear on this occasion, much sympathy exists among the season ticket-holders and other friends of the Palace, a brisk demand has already risen for these tickets.

"THE NOBLE MORINGER."

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

To prevent mistakes we may as well state beforehand that a "Moring" is one who bears a morion. But the work of art entitled *The Noble Moring* is an opera or operetta, in two acts, of which the libretto has been written by a gentleman styling himself "Amicus," the music being supplied by a composer who wishes to go down to posterity as "Marcellus Higgs." *The Noble Moring* is a wonderful production, and we scarcely know how to give an account of it. The story is derived from an old German ballad, but "Amicus" acknowledges having taken liberties with the original legend; and Marcellus Higgs has done all sorts of things with the not very original libretto. We are willing and anxious to receive "Amicus" in the character in which it pleases him to present himself. But though we gladly look upon him as our friend, yet "magis amica veritas;" and he must excuse us if we speak of his poem as we found it. Perhaps Mr. Marcellus Higgs, on his side, if he had been provided with better verse, would have written better music. This kind of speculation, however, would lead us too far, and we will not pursue it.

The noble Moring, to plunge, without further preface, into the drama of which he is the hero, has the merit of being passionately in love with his own wife; for which reason he determines to leave her for seven years—or, to be precise, seven years and a day. He is warned, to a tune imitated from that of the drinking song in *Der Freischütz*, against this rash proceeding; but, having among his retinue a handsome and generally attractive esquire with a tenor voice, he ensures his wife's fidelity by entrusting her to this gentleman's care. Everybody is very sorry when the noble Moring goes; but everybody, including his wife, seems very happy when he has once gone. An interval of a year takes place between the first and second acts. Then the noble Moring's wife goes to a hunt, at which she is opportunely attacked by a bear whom the faithful esquire slays. The inevitable explanation and interchange of expressions of affection take place, after which there is another interval. More intervals occur; and at last when the seven years and a day have all but expired, and the esquire and the noble Moring's wife are about to get married, the noble Moring on the very last day of all reappears. He cannot allow the faithful esquire to marry his wife, but he suddenly remembers that he has a daughter; and the fair child (whose face is like her mother's) is joined to the esquire in holy matrimony. The noble Moring is a philosopher, and so also is the faithful esquire, whose philosophy teaches him the detestable principle that "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime il faut aimer ce qu'on a." However, there are many esquires who, morality apart, would rather marry a Moring's daughter than a Moring's wife; and the Moring certainly divides the ladies of his family in the fairest manner possible between himself and his gallant knight.

There are other characters in the dramatic poem of *The Noble Moring* who have subsidiary and supernatural parts to play. Trancia, the goddess of dreams in a mythology of "Amicus's" own making, comes on at one time. At another we are introduced to St. Thomas, who we at first fancied was intended to be looked upon as the personification of unbelief in connection with the esquire's pretended fidelity to his absent master. St. Thomas makes reference to the waters of Lethe and delivers himself in an unchristian-like style generally. A personage, too, called "Rumour" is dragged in and has a little *entr'acte* all to himself.

All this, in spite of the merit of the simple legend on which it is based, and which demanded a simpler style of treatment, is sad stuff. Mr. Marcellus Higgs has furnished it with appropriate music; and the combination of words by "Amicus" and music by Marcellus Higgs is one that few persons would care to hear twice. Nevertheless, several of Mr. Higgs's ballads—certainly three at the very least—were encored on Wednesday evening when *The Noble Moring* was given for the first time at St. James's Hall. We thought the ballads dull and unmelodious; but it was evident that the public preferred them to the rest of the work. It seemed to us at first that the audience would probably rebel against the infliction of so much unmeaning sound upon them. Nothing of the kind. They liked it; and Mr. Marcellus Higgs will not be obliged, like so many other unfortunate composers, to seek consolation in the stock reflection that "after all Beethoven's ninth symphony was never appreciated during Beethoven's lifetime." Mr. Marcellus Higgs cannot complain of want of appreciation. We fancy, all the same, that in the long run he would get on better without "Amicus;" and we are quite sure that "Amicus" would get on better without him.

The principal characters in *The Noble Moring* were sustained heroically by Mr. Patey, the Moring; Mr. Cummings, the Moring's esquire; Miss Louisa Pyne, the Moring's wife; and Madame Patey-Whytock, the Moring's daughter.

[The discussions on the title of this opera remind elderly people of a truth too painfully borne in upon them from many quarters—how thoroughly the popular poetry of their youth is forgotten in

this generation. The "noble Moring" is not one who "wears a morion," or wears anything else. It is merely the family name of the hero of one of Walter Scott's ballads, in vol. 6 of his *Poetical Works*. Scott says he took it from a collection of German popular songs, which he specifies, and, moreover, that there is something like a foundation for the story, and that a certain Countess von Marstetten, who was by birth a Fräulein von Moring, was a daughter of the said hero. "The noble Moring," having made his lady promise him fidelity for seven years, goes a-crusading. At the end of the seventh year he comes back to find the dame in the act of espousing the young Marstetten. The youth and the fair lady are both extremely apprehensive of a "scene," but—

The noble Moring he smiled, and then aloud did say,

He gathers wisdom who hath roamed seven twelvemonths and a day.

He then proceeds to marry the squire to his daughter instead of his wife, and the whole household go on very comfortably together. How far the old ballad goes on all fours with the modern operetta is a distinct question.—A. S. S.]

ADELINA (LUCIA) PATTI.

(From the "Morning Herald" and "Standard.")

Having seen Mdle. Adelina Patti in the *Barbiere* and in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, it is difficult to decide whether she is best suited to the character of Rosina or Lucia—whether her intellect is more forcibly called into play and developed in comedy or tragedy. In Rossini's opera Mdle. Patti appears all life and animation, as one who could exist in an atmosphere of smiles only, who revels in the golden beams of joy as a lark in the light of a summer's morning. In the poor, lorn, demented Lucia her nature seems entirely altered. Sorrow and fear usurp every expression of her countenance, and she moves like one doomed on earth to misery and under the ban of some terrible destiny. From first to last throughout the opera she is the embodiment of hopeless grief. Even in the scene of the first act with Edgardo, where the lovers plight their troth, and where the looks of the young maiden might be supposed to be illumined with some transient gleams of pleasure, though the voice be inexpressibly tender and the words fervent with love and devotion, Mdle. Patti puts on a gloom and a foreboding, as it were, that proves she appreciates the superstition of Scott's heroine no less than the deep feeling and dark, dramatic colouring of the Lucia of the opera. In this respect Mdle. Patti soars far beyond the representative of any Lucia we remember to have witnessed, and possibly—seeing that the part was drawn and the music written for the famous daughter of Tacchinardi (now, alas! no more), in whom tragic power was not an instinct—to have exceeded the intention, or at least the expectation, of poet and musician. To perceive the greatness of the impersonation it must be judged as a whole. The music may have been as brilliantly vocalized by some other artist, the scene of the madness as forcibly and naturally portrayed; but, taken in its entirety, Mdle. Patti's performance is more uniform, complete, and thoroughly satisfying than any yet presented on the stage. Nothing has been sacrificed for particular effect, a proof, if proof were wanting, that genius in her case transcends all art. When, after an interval of four years, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was revived for Mdle. Patti (in 1866), Lucia was universally allowed to be one of the young artist's most perfect achievements. No wonder Donizetti's opera made one of the eminent successes of last year; no wonder it was produced this season for Mdle. Patti's appearance in a second character. Which performance is most entrancing, Rosina or Lucia, we leave to others to decide. May not the Art of the young songstress be said, without hyperbole, to be "a pendulum betwixt a smile and tear?"

EXETER.—(From a correspondent).—The Exeter Oratorio Society gave a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at the Public Rooms on Tuesday last. It was the first subscription performance for the present year. The singers were Miss Susanna Cole, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. C. Bastow, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The oratorio was well performed on the whole, and certainly did not fail to satisfy the audience, who, on several occasions, were enthusiastic to a degree. Miss Susanna Cole, from London, sang the soprano music with great brilliancy and with a purity of voice and charm of style, moreover, that is seldom heard out of the metropolis, and, indeed, not often in it. She created an unusual sensation in the great air, "Hear ye, Israel." Mr. Lewis Thomas sang the part of the Prophet finely, and Miss Julia Elton gave due effect to the contralto music.

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE FOR THE FAMILY OF THE LATE MR. C. H. BENNETT.

The amateur performance on Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the widow and eight children of the late well known artist, Mr. C. H. Bennett, was highly successful. The entertainments began somewhat merrily, the occasion considered, with what Mr. F. C. Burnand, the author, entitles *The Interpolated Libretto of a new Triumphviretta*, but which is simply Mr. Maddison Morton's *Box and Cox*, adapted to the lyric stage, under the transposed name of *Cox and Box*. This is no occasion for criticism; nevertheless, we feel compelled to say that Mr. Burnand has executed his task so well, and that Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, our most rising composer, has written music so full of sparkling tune and real comic humour that we cannot but believe that this version of a widely popular farce would have a new genuine success if produced on the recognized stage by recognized professional players. It is quite as stirring and lively as anything by M. Offenbach, with the extra advantage of being the work of a cultivated musician, who under any temptation would scorn to write ungrammatically—even if he could. The parts in *Cox and Box* were confined to a well known theatrical amateur Mr. Quintin (Cox), Mr. George Du Maurier, one of our most eminent caricaturists (Box), and Mr. Arthur Blunt, another amateur actor in high esteem. The whole passed off amid roars of laughter, and, after the representation of the *dramatis personæ* had appeared before the curtain, a special call was made for Mr. Sullivan, the musical director of the day, who bowed from his place in the orchestra. The piece was preceded by Auber's overture to *Le Philtre*. Mr. Sullivan should compose an overture himself, and thus complete his admirable operetta. A selection of madrigals and part-songs from Beale, Hatton, Schubert, and R. J. S. Stevens, came after *Cox and Box*. These were contributed by the well trained company of amateur singers, who have christened themselves "The Moray Minstrels," under their permanent conductor, Mr. John Foster. Mr. Shirley Brooks then delivered an appropriate and eloquent address prepared for the occasion, which was spoken with equal point and feeling, and received with enthusiastic applause.

After the address the "Moray Minstrels" gave more part-songs—by Hatton, Pearsall, and Otto, with a glee by Horsley. Then, another of Auber's overtures (*Zanetta*) was followed Mr. Tom Taylor's one-act domestic drama, called *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing*, the characters in which were sustained by a troop of amateur actors, whom, in a part of his address, Mr. Shirley Brooks had described as "Our Doctor Mark and all his Little Men," aided by Miss Kate Terry, Misses Florence and Ellen Terry, and Mrs. Stoker. The characters were thus distributed:

Colonel Percy Kirke ...	Mr. Mark Lemon.
Colonel Lord Churchill ...	Mr. John Tenniel.
Master Jasper Carew ...	Mr. Tom Taylor.
Kester Chedzoy ...	Mr. F. C. Burnand.
Corporal Flintoff ...	Mr. Horace Mayhew.
Hackett ...	Mr. Henry Silver.
Rasper ...	Mr. R. T. Pritchett.
John Zoyland ...	Mr. Shirley Brooks.
Anne Carew ...	Miss Kate Terry.
Dame Carew ...	Mrs. Stoker.
Sibyl ...	Miss Florence Terry.
Keziah Mapletoft ...	Miss Ellen Terry (Mrs. Watts).

From the above list it will be readily guessed who were intended by "Our Doctor Mark and all his Little Men." The piece was listened to with intense interest and applauded at the end with unanimity. The principal actors were respectively called for, and Miss Kate Terry was honoured especially with the fervent marks of sympathy to which her charming and touching performance of Carew's devoted wife had fairly entitled her.

The performances terminated with the amusing *bouffonnerie musicale*, by Offenbach and Moinaux, called *Les Deux Aveugles*, Mr. Harold Power taking the part of Patachon, and Mr. George du Maurier that of Giraffier, Mr. Horace Mayhew modestly contenting himself with the character of "Un Passant." Roars of laughter were again elicited by this diverting piece of nonsense, originated, as every one is aware, at the Bouffes Parisiens, and given at the Adelphi in the original language.

The house was filled with literary, dramatic, artistic, and musical celebrities, together with numbers of those enthusiasts who love to hover about the spheres in which their special idols respectively move. The entertainment was a genuine success, and there is good reason to believe that the subscription, which those who got it up are still promoting, will help materially to effect the benevolent object they have in view.

COPENHAGEN.—The following works were included in the programme of the sixth concert given by the Musical Association, under the direction of Herr Gade:—Schumann's Overture, *Scherzo* and *Finale*; Schubert's 23rd Psalm; Overture in C major, by Hartmann; and Concerto in E flat major for two pianos, Mozart.

Address by SHIRLEY BROOKS, delivered Saturday, 11th May, 1867, on occasion of the performance for the benefit of the Family of the late C. H. BENNETT.

He, whose proud words are still upon your ear,
Has also well expressed my present fear.
After Apollo's songs (or those you've heard)
Harsh were even Mercury's most gracious word,
And I'm no Mercury—at least, I know,
John of Bologna would not fancy so.

Yet for a moment bear the prosier tone
Charged with a message that's not mine alone.
I am a Deputation. That's a thing
Which in these blessed times must have its fling;
And folks the most distinguished cannot choose
When deputations come to state their views.
I only promise not to keep you long
From our kind Minstrels' next delightful song.

Only, some friends of a lost friend, whose name
Is all the inheritance his children claim,
(Save memory of his goodness) think it due
To make some brief acknowledgment to you.
Brief, but not cold—some thanks that you have come
And helped us to secure that saddened home
Where eight young mourners round a mother weep
A fond and dear-loved father's early sleep.

Take it from us—and with this word we end
All sad allusion to our parted friend—
That for a better purpose generous hearts
Ne'er prompted liberal hands to do their parts.
You knew his power, his satire keen but fair,
And the rich fancy served by skill as rare
You did not know, except some friendly few,
That he was earnest, gentle, patient, true.
A better soldier doth Life's battle lack,
And he has died with harness on his back.

But you have met affliction's tear to dry—
And 'twere poor thanks in us to bid you sigh.
For you, and others not with us to-day
But to whose zeal our grateful debt we pay,
Have nobly succoured us; and much is done,
Though much remains to do ere all is won,
And our poor mourners, when first grief is o'er,
May look out hopefully on life in store.

This Deputation grieves to stay the choir,
But six words more before it can retire.
We, workers with the pencil or the pen,
Our Doctor Mark and all his Little Men,
Thank each and all who've spoken, sung, or played,
Who've aided our performance, or will aid.
The Minstrel Boys are to refreshment gone,
Give them a cheer for us when they come on.
Ladies—I should say Persons—come, your votes.
How like you English songs from English throats?
Where's Arthur Sullivan—upon your oath
Is there no music, Sir, of British growth?
I think I'll take that answer, for it shows
They grudge you every day you don't compose.

Last, but not least in your dear love, and ours,
There is a head we'd crown with all our flowers.
Our kindest thanks to her whose smallest grace
Is the bewitchment of her fair young face.
Our own Kate Terry comes, to show how much
The truest art does with the lightest touch.
Make much of her while still before your eyes—
A star may glide away to other skies.

Obliged by your attention and applause,
The Deputation bows, and then withdraws.

[Exit.]

BAUNN.—At the last Philharmonic Concert, the programme included the overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; "Ave verum," Mozart; "Hallelujah," from *The Messiah*, Handel; and Symphony in C major, Schubert. **ST. PETERSBURG.**—Litoff lately gave a concert with great applause, but little pecuniary benefit. The days of brilliant receipts are now past in Russia.

MOSCOW.—Herr Nicolaus Rubenstein gave a concert some time since, when the programme comprised the overture to *Genoveva*; Concerto in G major, Beethoven; "Todtentanz," Franz Liszt; together with works by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and Russian composers.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The third concert this season, of which the first part of the programme was devoted to compositions of F. Schubert, took place on Thursday, May 9th, and was decidedly the most successful. Schubert's grand trio, Op. 110—admirably played by Mdle. Rosetta Alexandre (pianoforte), Mr. Henry Blagrove (violin), and Herr Schubert (violinello)—opened the concert. The other instrumental pieces were the "Ave Maria" as solo on the violinello, accompanied on the harp by Herr Oberthür, and much applauded, and impromptu in E flat, well played by Miss Ellen Bliss. Five of Schubert's most popular songs were given by the following members:—Miss Mina Poole, "Silvia" and "Mitten im Schimmer," both well sung; Mr. Lewis Thomas, "The Wanderer;" Miss Adelaide Bliss, "Thine is my heart;" and Miss Lucy Franklin, "Erlkönig." The second part was miscellaneous. Herr Oberthür played two solos on the harp; Miss Eldon, a promising young soprano, gave "A sigh went floating on the breeze," by M. Lutz, with much taste; Miss Adelaide Bliss pleased in Macfarren's "O, on my heart a weight;" and Miss Poole sang a new composition, "Night," by W. Coenen, accompanied by the composer. The rooms were crowded. The fourth and last concert this season, is announced for Thursday, June 13th.

PERTH.—Signor Gustavo Garcia's concert, which had been postponed for a week, came off in the City Hall and attracted a large and fashionable audience, and rejoiced under the patronage of the Earl and Countess of Kinnoul, Lady Louisa Moncrieffe, and a host of distinguished families. The orchestra was tastefully decorated with flowers, and the audience were more than usually warm in the applause throughout the evening, and attempted to encore several of Signor and Madame Garcia's songs. In vain, however, was the desire expressed to hear the songs again, as something else was invariably substituted; thus, for the redemand of "The Village Blacksmith" and "La Danza," Signor Garcia gave "The Hunter" and "The Little Fat Grey Man;" and for "The Lover and the Bird," and a Spanish song, Madame Martorelli Garcia supplied "Home, sweet home," and "Coming through the rye." Mr. Bridgman was the accompanist, as well as the solo pianist; and, not to be out of the fashion, he played a fantasia on airs from *Faust*, when his variation on Scotch airs was redemanded. The programme was varied by some glees sung by the members of the Dupplin Castle choir. The cause of the postponement of Signor Garcia's concert, which we mentioned above, was, we regret to hear, owing to the death of a sister of the concert giver, Madame Crepet, at the early age of twenty-five. She was niece of Malibran and of Madame Viardot Garcia, and is said to have possessed a large share of the musical talent of her family.

MISS ROSE HERSEE—one of the most rising of our concert-room songstresses—and who has already achieved an enviable popularity, gave the first of three concerts at her residence, 8 Westbourne Square, on Wednesday evening, under distinguished patronage. She was assisted in the vocal department by Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Penman (her pupil), Mr. Wilford Morgan, Signors Ciabatta, Gustave Garcia, and Caravoglia; and in the instrumental by Miss Kathleen Ryan, Mr. C. J. Hargitt, and Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Mdle. Emilia Arditì (violin), and Mr. R. S. Pratten (flute). Miss Hersee sang Meyerbeer's canzonet, "The Fisher-Maiden," Benedict's "Carnaval de Venise," Bishop's cavatina, "Ye little birds," and joined Miss Penman in the duet, "Sweet summer morn," from Mr. Macfarren's opera, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and Signor Caravoglia in the buffo duet, "Quanto amore," from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. The brilliant voice and excellent style of the young concert-giver were perhaps rendered most conspicuous in Benedict's variations and Bishop's cavatina. But in all her pieces she sang admirably and with marked effect. Miss Louisa Pyne's singing of Lutz's song, "A Sigh went floating on the Breeze," was among the most attractive performances of the evening. Of the instrumental achievements we can only say that Signor Mattei—the "Samson agonistes" of the pianoforte—after his "Souvenir d'Italie," played his "Grand Valse" with such tremendous force and energy as almost to necessitate an encore; that Miss Kathleen Ryan—the young and clever pianist, not exactly a disciple of the school of Signor Tito Mattei—performed Chopin's "Impromptu in A flat," which she took at such a pace as must have fatigued, if not incapacitated, any but the expertest digits; that Mdle. Emilia Arditì and Signor Mattei played Benedict and Arditì's duet for violin and pianoforte on *Dinorah* with splendid effect; and that Mr. Pratten and Mr. Hargitt executed a romance by F. E. Bache for flute and piano. The conductors were Mr. Benedict, Signor Traventi, M. Talery, and Mr. C. J. Hargitt.

MR. APTOMMAS, the well-known harp player, gave his annual concert on Wednesday evening. The first part consisted of music written by Mr. Aptommas to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, the words taken from the original text of the allegory. Whether such words are, in the remotest degree, suited for music it is useless to examine too closely. It was a bold undertaking, to say the least of it. The solos, &c., were executed by Messdames Banks, Hann, and Wells; Messrs. Montem Smith and Patey, with a chorus; and Herr Engel, Mr. Aptommas and Herr Ganz as accompanists at the harp, harmonium, and pianoforte. After

the *Pilgrim's Progress* followed a miscellaneous selection, in which "The March of the Men of Harlech," was given by the chorus; "With verdure clad," was sung by Miss Ida Gillies; Miss Lucia Hann gave an air from *Dinorah*; Miss Theodore Wells, Arditì's "Leggiero Invisibile;" and Miss M. Stocken, "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*—the last very good. One of the attractions of the evening was the singing of Herr Stepan, from Stutgardt. This gentleman possesses one of the finest bass voices of the day, which he exhibited to perfection in Lortzing's popular romance from *The Czar und Zimmermann*, and Meyerbeer's scene from *Roberto*. M. Aptommas played the "Hymn of Garibaldi" on the harp, and a *tarantelle*, for harp and piano, with Mr. F. Berger, gaining loud applause in both performances. Messrs. Ganz, Salaman, and F. Berger were the accompanists.—B. B.

CORK.—Haydn's *Creation* was given here lately in aid of the funds of the North Charitable Infirmary. Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not so numerous as could be wished. The solo performers were attractive, the chorus was excellent, and the whole oratorio was given in a manner that reflected credit on all concerned. Miss Hiles, the principal soprano, known in Cork only by her London reputation, soon established herself in the good graces of her audience. Her singing "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens," was met with warm applause. The other singers were Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Baker, Mr. O'Mahony, and Mr. O'Donoghue. Mr. Coghlan was leader of the orchestra, Mr. T. J. Sullivan organist, and Mr. McCarthy conductor.

BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Miss Marie Stocken, the young and clever singer—pupil of Signor Goldberg—gave her first concert at the above rooms on Thursday evening. The audience was large and fashionable. Miss Stocken was supported by Miss Emily Spiller, Miss Julia Elton, Messrs. Alfred Hemming, Trelawny Cobham, and Renwick as vocalists; Herr Oberthür (harp), and Miss Clinton Fynes (pianoforte), as instrumentalists. Miss Stocken has a pure soprano voice of unusual compass and power, and invariably sings in tune. She chose for her opening display "Bel ragio," which she followed with a new ballad, "The Spring" (encored) and a song by her master, Signor Goldberg, "Die Bothschafft," joining in a duet with Miss Julia Elton by the same composer, "Vieni la barca." The grand aria from *Semiramide* indicated style and dramatic energy, which may be turned to the best account. The other pieces she sang sweetly and with undeniable taste. She also, with Messrs. Cobham and Renwick, sang the soprano parts of Randegger's "I Naviganti," and of the quartet from *Rigoletto*. Miss Emily Spiller gave Benedict's elegant and original "May-Song," one of his latest and best vocal compositions, and an Irish ballad, "O come to Glengarriff," which she sang most charmingly. Miss Julia Elton introduced a new song by Vincent Wallace, "The Trance of Love," which was loudly applauded and encored. Amongst the best things of the concert was a new trio by Herr Oberthür, for ladies' voices, set to Moore's "Araby's Daughter," sung with perfect ensemble by the Misses Spiller, Stocken, and Elton. It is an elegant composition and one that will be appreciated by the musical world at its full value. Herr Oberthür accompanied his trio, and also performed his celebrated solo on the harp from *Martha*, which was loudly applauded. Miss Clinton Fynes, one of Moscheles' favourite pupils, played Chopin's nocturne, and Wallace's *galop di bravura*, "The Czar," with brilliancy. Mr. Alfred Hemming sang Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?" and "The Message," with admirable effect. Mr. Trelawny Cobham, in "La donna è Mobile" and Mr. Francesco Berger's "Come and meet me, darling," was highly successful, as was also Mr. Renwick in Donizetti's "Ah non ave," and Hullah's song of "The Knight's Return." Miss Maria Stocken may be congratulated on the artistic results of her first concert. Herr Lehmeier and Mr. King Hall officiated on the occasion as accompanists. BASHI BAZOOK.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—A concert was given by Mr. Ridley Prentice, the pianist and composer, on Monday evening at the above rooms, which attracted a number of fashionables. That Mr. Ridley Prentice is a pianist of no mean ability he fully proved by his interpretation of Mendelssohn's sonata, in D, for pianoforte and violinello, which he played with Signor Piatti, distinguishing himself both by his manipulation and his classic feeling. Mr. Prentice next essayed Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, in F minor, Op. 57, exhibiting even more than in Mendelssohn's duet superior executive power and a well cultivated taste. The performance pleased immensely. Two solos by Mr. F. W. Hird and a minuet and trio composed by himself. Chopin's *polonaise*, in C, for pianoforte and violinello, with Signor Piatti, was also played, and received with unqualified approbation. The singers were Miss Louisa Pyne—who introduced a new Scotch ballad by Mr. R. Prentice, entitled, "Mither, blame me not for loving," while she gave it with such feeling and expression as to cause a unanimous encore; Madame Patey Whytock—who sang Gluck's "Che farò," and a song by Miss Gabriel; while her better half, in a song of Richard Wagner's (!), and Handel's "Oruiddier than the cherry," was loudly applauded, and encored in the latter. Mr. Walter Macfarren was conductor. BASHI BAZOOK.

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GRAND SONATA, in D major, Op. 53... ..	Schubert.
SONATA for Pianoforte and Violoncello, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2	Beethoven.
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[Translations from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, continued.]

MODERN SYMPHONIES,

AND THE VIENNA COMPETITION OF 1839.

WHEN a German talks about Symphonies he means Beethoven. The two things are to him inseparable, one and the same, his delight and pride. As Italy has its Naples, France its Revolution, and England its commerce, so a German has his Beethoven-Symphonies. Over Beethoven he forgets that he has no great school of painting to show; with him he regains, in spirit, all the battles that Napoleon won over us; he even ventures to put him on a level with Shakespeare. As this great master's creations have grown into our very being, and many of his Symphonies have even become popular, it is natural to suppose that they have left deep traces which would show themselves in the first works of the same kind in the age succeeding them. But this is not the case. Similarities are certainly found, and those both many and close—though it is curious that they should mostly refer to Beethoven's earliest Symphonies, as if each successive one required a certain time before it could be understood and imitated. But the power of employing and maintaining real grandeur of form, where the ideas succeed one another blow after blow, though all the while linked together by an inward spiritual connection—this, with few exceptions, is rarely to be found. Modern Symphonies for the most part sink to the level of mere Overture music, especially the first movements. The slow movements are put in only because they are bound to be; the Scherzos are Scherzos in name only; and the last movements seem to have lost all knowledge of what has gone before them. Berlioz

was introduced to us as a phenomenon. Germans in general knew next to nothing of him; and what little they knew was by hearsay, and seemed only to frighten them, so that some time will probably elapse before he becomes thoroughly known. Assuredly, however, he will not have laboured in vain; for phenomena never come singly. The future is already teaching us. Franz Schubert should also be mentioned; but even his Symphonies are not yet known.—The competition for the prize at Vienna afforded important evidence of the present level of talent. We may say what we like, competition can only be beneficial, it can never do harm; and those who think that the productive faculties are not roused by excitement even of a prosaic kind, are much mistaken. Had a prize for a Symphony been announced during the life-time of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, such a prize, for instance, as one of those enormous rare diamonds which are found in imperial and royal treasuries, I would lay any wager that the great masters would have set to work in earnest. But, then, who could have been the judge?

MENDELSSOHN.

SYMPHONY, OP. 56.

Mendelssohn's new Symphony has been most eagerly expected by all who are watching with interest the brilliant course of this rare genius. Indeed it was looked forward to almost as his first performance in this department; for the Symphony in C minor, actually the first, belongs to his very earliest youth, while the second, written for the London Philharmonic Society, is not yet published; and his *Sinfonia-Cantata* again (*The Hymn of Praise*) cannot be considered as a purely instrumental work. Therefore, with the exception of the Opera, the Symphony alone was wanting to complete the grand circle of his productions, since in every other branch he had already amply distinguished himself.

We have been told that this Symphony was begun many years ago, during Mendelssohn's stay in Rome, although not completed till quite recently. This fact is interesting as helping us to understand the very remarkable character of the music. As when, in some old and long-forgotten book, we suddenly discover a faded leaf which recalls the past with such vivid distinctness as to make us forget the present, so may all manner of charming recollections have crowded upon the imagination of our composer when amongst his papers he came upon these melodies inspired long ago by the beauties of Italy,* and consciously or unconsciously formed them into the lovely picture now before us—a picture which, like Jean Paul's descriptions of Italy in his *Titan*, is enough to make one forget for a time even one's regret at not having seen that blessed country. How completely the whole symphony is pervaded by a specially national tone has often been observed—indeed, the observation could escape no one with any imagination. But it is the extraordinary charm of its colouring which gives to Mendelssohn's work, as to Schubert's C major, its special place in the world of Symphonies. Of the instrumental pathos, or spurious breadth now so common, or indeed of anything like an exaggeration of Beethoven there is not a trace. It comes nearer in character to Schubert's Symphony just mentioned, with the difference that, while that suggests a wild gipsy life, this transports us to Italian skies. Its charms are of a more refined order, and it addresses us in more familiar language than Schubert's, though, on the other

* Schumann is under a mistake here. The Symphony he is noticing—the "Scotch"—was indeed begun in Italy (see Letters Nov. 23, 1829; Feb. 22; March 29, 1831), like the *Hebrides* Overture, but its colouring is northern, indeed in many places it displays a distinctly Scotch character. It would be difficult to find a better example of the impossibility of inferring the facts attendant on the composition of a musical work, from the emotions aroused by its performance, than is furnished by this curious mistake of Schumann.—Translator.

hand, we frankly allow to the latter a superiority in certain points, especially a greater force of invention.

In its plan, this Symphony is remarkable for the intimate connection of all the four movements. Even the melodious working out of the principal subjects is relatively the same in the four, as will be seen by the most hasty comparison. Thus, more than any other Symphony, it forms one compact whole, the separate movements of which are closely related in character, key, and rhythm. It is the composer's wish (as expressed in the prefatory notice) that there should only be a short interval between each movement.

Looked at from a purely musical point of view, there can be no doubt about the great perfection of the work. In the beauty and delicacy both of its general structure and of its individual parts, it ranks with his Overtures, while it is not less rich in charming instrumental effects. Every page of the score gives fresh proof of the skill with which he can bring back a previous thought, or disguise the return of the subject so as to put it in an entirely new light, or of the power of making his details rich and interesting, without exaggeration or Philistine mock-learning.

The effect of the work on the public will partly depend on the efficiency of the orchestra. No doubt this is always the case, but doubly so here, because force is not so much wanted as finished delicacy in the separate instruments, and especially in the wind. The most irresistible effect is in the *scherzo*, and I doubt whether a *scherzo* more full of genius has been written in modern times; the instruments converse in it almost like human beings. The conclusion of the *finale* is sure to excite difference of opinion; many will expect it to be in the character of the rest of the last movement, instead of which it recalls the opening of the first, and thus rounds off the entire work into symmetry. To me it is a most poetical ending, like a sunset recalling a lovely sunrise.

The pianoforte arrangement is by the composer himself, and is as faithful a version as can well be imagined, though for all that it often conveys but half the charm of the orchestral effect.

M. VAN DER STRAATEN, of Brussels, is about to publish a book, entitled, *Music in the Netherlands before the 19th Century*. It will contain many documents hitherto unknown, together with biographies and notices of all Netherland composers, virtuosos, theoreticians, and instrument makers—of Netherland operas, motets, national songs, Academies, Guilds, books, portraits, and, in a word, all subjects in any way connected with music. M. van der Straaten has searched every accessible collection and library, and so arranged the various subjects, according to their respective dates, that they form a kind of chronological table. He has, also, collected a large amount of highly remarkable and trustworthy information regarding the rise and progress of French and Italian opera during the 17th and 18th centuries.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD was the pianist at the last Gentlemen's Concert in Manchester. She played Mr. Benedict's new and already universally popular concerto, which achieved the same brilliant success as at the Crystal Palace Concerts. In the second part she introduced Thalberg's splendid fantasia on themes from *Masaniello*, for which, being rapturously encored, she substituted the same composer's universally admired "Home, sweet home." Mr. Hallé was the conductor. A full account of the concert has reached us from a correspondent, but too late for insertion in this week's impression.

DARMSTADT.—At a concert lately given in the Theatre, a new overture, by Herr Felix Hochstätter, was performed, and met with general approbation.

VIENNA.—After the conclusion of the Italian season, Sulzer's opera, *Zohann von Nedpel*, will be produced. The Italian company are rehearsing *Crispino e la Comare*.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

That *Romeo and Juliet* is the most fertile of subjects for operatic treatment history can show. There are more lyric settings of Shakspeare's play than even of Voltaire's play, *Semiramide*. And no wonder, since the one seems in reality moulded into libretto form, and wooing the musician to illustrate it by his art; while the other, though tempting by its oriental grandeur and barbaric magnificence, is feeble in plot and destitute of human interest. The first composer who set *Romeo and Juliet* to music was Benda, who wrote his opera in 1778. The second who wedded musical strains to Shakspeare's play was the famous Steibelt, who, on his arrival in Paris about the year 1790, was all the rage as a composer. M. de Segur had translated and adapted *Romeo and Juliet* into a libretto for the Grand Opéra, and the composition of the music was intrusted to Steibelt. The opera, nevertheless, was repudiated by the directors of the Académie Royale de Musique et de Danse in 1792, and, in revenge, the authors turned the recitatives into spoken dialogue, and had the piece represented at the Theatre Feydeau in 1793. The chief result of Steibelt's *Romeo* was that it snuffed out Benda's *Romeo*. Then came the *Romeo*—or the *Romeo e Juliette*—or the *Romeo e Guilietta*—or the *Capuletti ed i Montecchi*, for by these names was the opera variously called—of Zingarelli, which, being more dramatic and novel, and being acted better, snuffed out Steibelt's opera; which, in its turn, was snuffed out by Vaccai's *Romeo*; which, in its turn, was snuffed out by Bellini's *Romeo*; which, in its turn, was not snuffed out by Hector Berlioz's *Romeo*, because the Frenchman's opera is no opera at all, nor intended for an opera, but is a species of dramatic oratorio, a singular combination of lyric drama and symphony. Now, whether M. Gounod's *Romeo* will ultimately snuff out all the *Romeos* that have preceded it must be mere matter of guess work. The majority of French critics assert that the new *Romeo* will not only snuff out all other *Romeos*, but all M. Gounod's operas to boot, not ignoring *Faust* or *Mirella*, to say nothing of snuffing out all other operas ever written. When I hear M. Gounod apostrophized as one of the sublimest musical geniuses the world has seen, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho eulogized in terms that could only properly be addressed to Patti or Rachel, I begin to think there must be a large amount of prejudice pervading the critical atmosphere, or judgment has altogether gone to the dogs. There is much diversity of opinion about M. Gounod's opera. Many contend that it does not come up to the mark of *Faust*, *Mirella*, or even *Le Médecin Malgré lui*. A few insist that it surpasses all that M. Gounod has written. For my own part I think there is much fine music in *Romeo e Juliette*—perhaps the finest the composer has written—and feel assured that it will have a great success at the Royal Italian Opera, more particularly if Mario and Adelina be the hero and heroine. Its success is undeniable, and they assert that places have been taken in the theatre twenty-five days in advance. That M. Carvalho is replenishing his treasury chest by the receipts accruing from the performance of *Romeo e Juliette*, there is no doubt; but this is far from proof that the music is good, or the opera destined to a lasting reputation.

Paris, May 15th.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

[Mr. Shoot seems to have fallen asleep here. May his sleep be refreshing and long.—A.S.S.]

SHEERNESS.—On Monday evening a concert was given at the Co-operative Hall, under the patronage of the clergy and gentry of Isle of Sheppy, which was fully and fashionably attended. The programme consisted of selections from *The Messiah*, *Creation*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with a full orchestra under the direction of Mr. E. T. Barling. The choruses were given by the Sheerness Sacred Harmonic Society. In addition to Messrs. Newsome and Armes of Rochester Cathedral, and Mr. Hillmann, a resident vocalist, an engagement was effected with Mdlle. Ida Gillies, from London, who sang with much effect "Rejoice greatly," and was encored in "With verdure clad," and "The Inflammatus;" she was also loudly applauded in the recitative, "There were shepherds." Messrs. Newsome, Hillman, and Armes, sang with much effect. Mdlle. Ida Gillies has become an established favourite in Sheerness. The "Hallelujah Chorus" constituted a magnificent climax to the concert, which gave unlimited satisfaction to all present.—B. B.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

At the fourth performance of *I Lombardi*, on Saturday night, Signor Mongini, whose arrival in England had been delayed through indisposition, made his first appearance, in the character of Oronte, for which, it may be remembered, he was originally set down. Before speaking of the new Oronte, however, it is but fair to call attention to the readiness with which Mr. Hohler, at short notice, undertook to be his substitute, the highly creditable manner in which he accomplished a by no means easy task, the hearty favour with which he was received by the public, and the real service he did to the theatre by performing the character, under such circumstances, three times in succession. But for Mr. Hohler, the opera of Verdi must have been laid aside, and this fact will no doubt be placed to his credit.

In his first delivery of "*La mia letizia*," the traces of Signor Mongini's recent indisposition were here and there evident, more especially in his failing to give out with unrestricted force one of those high notes for the splendour and resonance of which he is justly famous; but the air being called for again, he seemed, through an extraordinary effort of will, to regain unlimited command of his resources, and his magnificent voice was heard in the plenitude of its freshness and vigour. To the romance Signor Mongini superadded the boisterous, difficult, and anything but vocal quick movement, "*Come poteva un angelo*," from which the majority of tenors judiciously turn aside, but which comes readily within the scope of this gentleman's exceptional means. In Oronte's next scene, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with Jerusalem in the background (so beautifully painted by Mr. Telbin), Signor Mongini and Mdle. Tietjens produced an immense effect. The two powerful voices, as penetrating and bright as they are powerful, were here well matched, and in the higher notes strove one against the other with indomitable ardour, the victory remaining with neither—or both. This, in his earlier time, was Verdi's idea of a love duet, an idea by the pursuance of which he has, in the course of about a quarter of a century, ruined many more fine voices than he has written fine operas. The physical endowments of Mdle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini, however, have been able to withstand all such shocks, as was convincingly shown on Saturday night. In the same act occurs the death of Oronte, after having, by the persuasion of Giselda, his lover, and the hermit (the repentant Pagano), been converted to the true faith. At the fall of the curtain Mdle. Tietjens, Signor Mongini, and Mr. Santley were loudly called for, and applauded with genuine enthusiasm. The whole scene was a "sensation" of the liveliest description. The other parts were filled as before. Signor Tasca, who has also a voice of remarkable power, gives unusual effect to the second tenor part, Arvino—who, by the way, considering that he has more to do than Oronte, might reasonably claim to be registered as first; and Mr. Santley's singing in the ungrateful part of Pagano was from beginning to end finer, if possible, than on the first night of *I Lombardi*. Here, again, is a voice to which any kind of music comes easy. One of the marked successes of the evening was produced by the chorus in the prayer of the crusading pilgrims (Act IV.), which was superbly delivered, and unanimously encoired.

The cast of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, of which one performance has been given, differs only in a single particular from that of last season. The new Urbano, Mdle. Martelli, did not create an impression sufficiently favourable to warrant a hope that she will remain permanently attached to the establishment. Criticism, under the circumstances, would, therefore, be not only superfluous but ungracious. Of the Valentine of Mdle. Tietjens, the character in which (in 1858) she first took musical London by storm, the Queen of Mdle. Sinico, whose talent is universal, the Nevers of Mr. Santley, and the St. Bris of Signor Gassier, we cannot really find anything to say that has not been said over and over again. Raoul de Nangis is Signor Tasca's hitherto most ambitious flight, and it would be hardly possible now-a-days to find a better Marcel than Herr Rokitanaky, who exalts in one of those noble and deep-toned bass voices in which Germany has always been so rich. No work presents fairer opportunities for the exhibition of Signor Arditi's fine orchestra and splendid chorus than the gorgeous masterpiece of Meyerbeer.

The operas this week have been *Il Trovatore* (Monday night), *Der Freischütz* (Tuesday), and Otto Nicolai's *Falstaff*; or, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—first time since 1865 (Thursday). In the first two Mdle. Tietjens was associated with Signor Mongini, in the last with Mr. Hohler as tenor. Mr. Hohler was entrusted with the part of Fenton, originally sustained by the late Signor Giuglini. Of these performances more anon.

To-night a new soprano, Mdle. Giacconi (from Genoa), is to make her first appearance in *Lucrezia Borgia*.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

Mr. Charles J. Hargitt's first grand Orchestral Concert (Friday, May 10) merited a larger attendance than mustered upon the occasion, as the programme was one of unusual excellence. Perhaps the threatening aspect of the weather had something to do with it, and the thunderstorm in the evening probably kept away many who would otherwise have been present. The whole of the first part was devoted to Beethoven, and the selection included more than one work unfamiliar to the general public; notably the cantata for chorus and orchestra, *The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, and the grand cantata, *The Praise of Music*, neither of which have been heard in London for many years past. Then there was the choral fantasia, in which Mdle. Mehlig undertook the pianoforte part, and the chorus might have sung considerably better without detriment to the effect—a remark which may apply pretty generally throughout to the efforts of the "St. Cecilia Choral Society." The grand and glowing overture to *Egmont*, the trio, "*Tremate tempi tremate*" (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas), "*In questa tomba*" (charmingly sung by Madame Laura Baxter), made up the remainder of the first part—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Rose Hersee, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss taking the principal parts in *The Praise of Music* with credit to themselves and advantage to the work. The second part opened with a selection from Meyerbeer, and comprised the overture to *Struensee*, the Tyrolienne, "*Les Ranz des Vaches*" (Miss Hersee), the cantata to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth, *Nobil Signor* (Madame Emmeline Cole); in addition to which there was a song by Herr Reichardt, "*Tell me it is not so*;" another by Mr. Weiss, "*The King of the Rig*," from Mr. Hargitt's pastoral cantata, *The Harvest Queen*; a new part-song by G. A. Macfarren, "*Merrily rolls the mill stream on*," and other pieces which need not be more particularly specified. The full orchestra numbered some sixty performers, and included the most eminent members of the Royal Italian Opera band, under the leadership of the accomplished young player, Mr. J. T. Carrodus, who so admirably holds the post of first violin at Her Majesty's Theatre. With such material the office of conductor was comparatively easy for Mr. C. J. Hargitt, who deserves high credit for organizing a concert so entirely removed in character from the usual run of benefit entertainments.

DRINKWATER HARD.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH'S CONCERT.—The annual concert of Miss Hogarth (Mrs. R. C. Roney), the well-known vocal professor, took place on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall, and was a great success. The artists were many and eminent; the programme well selected; the audience in good humour. Mr. Sims Reeves's name appeared twice in the programme; he, in reality, appeared four times before the audience, since he was encoired in both his songs—"My Queen" and "Evening"—which he sang with supreme taste and finish. Miss Louisa Pyne was encoired in Lutz's ballad, "*A Sigh went floating on the breeze*," Mdle. Enequist in one of her Swedish melodies, and Mr. Tom Hohler in Balfe's song, "*Si tu savais*," when he substituted the same composer's "*When other lips*." Other vocal performances were entitled to distinction—of whom it is enough to name Herr Reichardt in his new song, "*Tell me it is not so*," loudly applauded. The instrumental morceaux were—pianoforte performances: Pauer's "*La Cascade*," played by Mr. Harold Thomas; *andante* and *finale* from Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata*, for piano and violin, by Miss Madeline Schiller and Herr Leopold Auer; fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia*, by Signor Tito Mattei; Liszt's *Faust* waltz, by Miss Madeline Schiller; and Coenen's "*Ella piangia*," executed by the composer. There were also solos on the violin by Herr Leopold Auer; by Signor Piatti on the violoncello; on the Mustel organ, or new harmonium, by M. Lemmens; and duet for two harps by Messrs. J. Balsir Chatterton and John Thomas. The conductors were Mr. Ganz, Signor Licalsi, Mr. Emilio Berger, Mr. Aguilar, and Mr. Benedict.

THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

The 213th anniversary of the festival of the "Sons of the Clergy" was celebrated on Wednesday afternoon by a full choral service under the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. We need hardly say that this ancient and admirable corporation was instituted for the purpose of assisting necessitous clergymen, pensioning their widows and aged single daughters, educating, apprenticing, and providing outfits for their children. The actual President is the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Vice-President, Lord Cranworth. The following extract from the printed programme of the day will suffice to recall to our readers the history and objects of the corporation:—

"The first festival was held in St. Paul's Cathedral in the year 1655, when certain zealous members of the Church, moved with compassion for the helplessness and privations of the clergy, suffering under the calamities of those times, formed themselves into an association to alleviate their distress. This private association was soon followed by the establishment of a public body, incorporated by Royal Charter from Charles II., and which, from the circumstance that the first promoters of the festival were all sons of clergymen became commonly known as the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy. It is especially desired to raise the amount of the pensions to the widows and aged single daughters of deceased clergymen, of whom there are 712 receiving pensions from £15 to £25 per annum; and the Governors feel confident there must be many wealthy and benevolent individuals who would be happy to assist in so just and good an object, did they know the extent of the pecuniary distress, and consequent suffering and privations into which a large number of excellent ladies are thrown by the death of husbands and fathers, whose life-incomes as clergymen afforded no means of laying by a provision for their widows and orphans."

No effort being spared to render this annual festival worthy of the object in view, it holds a foremost place among celebrations of the kind, and rarely fails to create an amount of public interest sufficient to bring to our metropolitan Cathedral a congregation numerically inferior only to that which assembles annually at the meeting of the Charity Schools. A large part of this is due to the remarkable efficiency of the musical part of the service, in the performance of which the regular choir of St. Paul's is strengthened by the co-operation of the choirs of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey, together with considerable reinforcements from other sources. The proceedings on the occasion of the present anniversary differed in no material respect from those of former celebrations. There was the usual civic procession, which entered by the great west door, and, joined by the dignitaries of the Church, proceeded up the nave, headed by the members of the united choirs in long array. Next to the Cathedral clergy came the Festival Committee, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the aldermen, and, finally, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the dignitaries before named.

The musical part of the service, as always, was directed by that zealous and indefatigable teacher, Mr. Henry Buckland, conductor of the choir at the Special Services under the dome, and of the 5,000 singing children at the annual meeting of the Charity Schools; Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, and Mr. G. Cooper, deputy organist (also organist at St. Sepulchre's), presiding at the noble instrument built by Messrs. Hill, which has for some years been a musical, though, for lack of a case, hardly an architectural ornament of the church. Tallis's evergreen music to the "Suffrages" was given with the accustomed effect by the members of the combined choirs (about 200 strong), its grand and simple harmonies resounding through the building with a solemnity which seems to be its exclusive property. The long Psalm for the day (the 78th) was sung to a quadruple chant in F, the composition of Mr. Herbert Oakeley (Edinburgh professor of music), which last year created so favourable an impression. Without wishing to depreciate the composition of Professor Oakeley, excellent in its kind, we cannot but express a hope that the form of the quadruple chant will never gain an absolute footing in the choral services at our great cathedrals. The *Magnificat* and *Nunc dimittis* were from Walmesley's service in D. These were good; but far better was the anthem, "O give thanks unto the Lord" (Psalm 106 and 118), by Mr. Goss, a composer of whose Church music his country has solid reason to be proud. This anthem is in every sense a masterpiece, and we hope to hear it as often as possible—until, indeed, its gifted author feels moved to produce another, to take its place. A happier blending of the free and rich colouring of the modern

style with the conventional forms to which many insist Church music ought strictly to be prescribed, it would be hard to cite in any contemporary work of the kind. But of this felicitous combination of the two styles Mr. Goss has produced other examples. Mendelssohn's touching and beautiful anthem, "Hear my prayer" (Psalm 55), preceded the sermon. In this the solo part was taken by Master Henry, of the St. Paul's choir, a young gentleman with a very pleasing voice, who accomplished his task with a correctness and expression hardly to be looked for at his years. The choir in this anthem was thoroughly efficient, while the organ accompaniment was played in a masterly manner. Handel's magnificent "Worthy is the Lamb" (the last piece in *The Messiah*) was the anthem which followed the sermon.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. R. Woodford, vicar of Kemsford, and chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford, who took for his text, Isaiah, chapter 55, verse 11—"It shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto I have sent it." It was an able and eloquent discourse, and delivered with singular and emphatic distinctness. The preacher appealed in persuasive terms on behalf of the charity, the claims of which, he insisted, were likely to increase rather than diminish. In the past year the society, by pensions and donations, had assisted no fewer than 1,300 claimants, clergymen, and those depending on them for maintenance. The help, nevertheless, is still far from adequate; and the necessity of its being extended was strongly urged upon those who have the means of becoming benefactors in so excellent a cause.

A collection was made at the doors as the congregation retired. In the evening, after the return from the Chapter House, the invited guests re-assembled soon after five in the reception-room at the Merchant Taylors. The banquet was served from the London Tavern, between which building and the hall there is an underground passage of communication.

MR. MARCELLUS HIGGS, at his benefit concert of Wednesday the 8th instant, in St. James's Hall, produced a novelty in the shape of an operetta of his own composition, entitled *The Noble Moringer*, the principal parts in which were sustained by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Patey, and Mr. Lamb. It is only just to the clever *sposa* of our rapidly rising young *basso*, Mr. Patey, to mention that, although announced as the Lady Una, she had little, very little to do. It betokens no small amount of good-nature to appear at the rag-end of an over-long, and by no means over-interesting composition like that of Mr. Marcellus Higgs. If applause is to be accepted as a test of success, then was the work in question a veritable triumph. Had a second Mendelssohn or Meyerbeer stepped into the orchestra a more vociferous welcome could hardly have been accorded to them, while voices and hands co-operated in praise of every number of *The Noble Moringer*. Should the work be again presented (an event, the probability of which I take the liberty of doubting) the British public—or, in other words, the readers of the *Musical World*—shall have the plot and an analysis of the music of the said operetta laid before them. Meanwhile it may suffice to say that the author of the libretto modestly conceals his rightful patronymic under the signature of "Amicus"—whether "Amicus Curiae," or "friend of the Cure," I cannot say. A band and chorus of moderate pretensions lent their aid, and all appeared to give satisfaction to an audience which did not fill St. James's Hall to absolute repletion. For the second or miscellaneous portion of the concert I did not remain, the first or operetta part having lasted long over two hours, although there were but two encores—Mr. Cummings in his air, "O would that the Moringer's sun had set" (for my own part I wished it had never risen), and Mr. Patey in a prayer, "O Blessed Saint."

DRINKWATER HARD.

MISS MADEIRA CRONIN gave her *matinée*, by permission, at the residence of the Marchioness of Downshire, in Belgrave Square. Her portion of the programme included Mendelssohn's sonata, in D major, for pianoforte and violoncello, with Pague; "Ballade," by Chopin (Op. 23); Kuhlau's *Concertante Duos* for pianoforte and flute, with Mr. R. S. Pratten; and "Show pieces"—Thalberg's fantasia on Russian airs, and Herr Pauer's "Varenna." The following singers assisted:—Miss Susan Galton, Miss Beasland (who sang, and sang charmingly, Mozart's "Voi che sapete"—bravo, Miss Beasland), Madame Emmeline Cole, Signor Ciabatta and Mr. Trelawny Cobham. Mr. Cobham sang Blumenthal's popular song, "The Message," so well that the audience would gladly have heard him sing it again, although it was so late in the programme. Mr. Hargitt accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

Letters to Well-known Characters.

TO SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Esq.

SIR,—The performance given on Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. C. H. Bennett was in every point of view successful. An excellent purpose was served through excellent means. A large sum of money must have been obtained for the widow of the able and meritorious artist, whose early death is lamented by all who knew him; while those who appealed to the public on her behalf must have had the satisfaction of feeling that their appeal was not addressed *ad misericordiam* alone. Such an entertainment as that of Saturday would have attracted and delighted an audience under any circumstances. It ought to be, and no doubt will be, repeated. Indeed, the opera of *Cox and Box*, with which the performance commenced, is sure of a run of at least a hundred nights whenever its author and composer choose to present it formally to the general public.

To convert *Box and Cox* into *Cox and Box* was certainly a "happy thought." In what the particular fun of it consists I cannot all at once explain. But there is a wild revolutionary sort of humour about the permutation which, though difficult to express, it is impossible not to feel. *Box and Cox* used to be an amusing title enough; but, given *Box and Cox*, then to make *Cox and Box* out of it, was as startlingly humorous as it was charmingly simple. Algebraically speaking, nothing is more certain than that $\text{Box} + \text{Cox} = \text{Cox} + \text{Box}$. But the title, *Box and Cox*, had come to be looked upon as an organic living thing; and nothing less than a violent rupture and dislocation of members could have changed it into *Cox and Box*. Putting the cart before the horse is nothing to the novelty and audacity of putting the *Cox* before the *Box*. Here a familiar and, as I thought, permanently established order of ideas, destined to glide on in unbroken sequence for ever, is abruptly checked and reversed. *Box*, in the title, as in the piece itself, is in *Cox's* place, while *Cox* is in the place usually occupied by *Box*. I do not see why I should not escape from the difficult and unprofitable task of describing and analyzing Mr. Burnand's libretto by saying, what is perfectly true, that it is worthy of its title. The art of turning things upside down and inside out is, as this title suggests, perfectly familiar to him; and I do not think that he has ever written such genuine burlesque as that which is contained in and which forms the whole substance of *Cox and Box*. *Box and Cox* being outrageously comic in itself, could not, of course, be burlesqued in the ordinary fashion. Instead of dragging the subject down by the use of familiar language, Mr. Burnand elevates it—as far, at least, as that effect can be produced by the employment of a lofty style. The result is the same sort of contrast that one meets with in ordinary burlesque. Care is taken to give to each personage the most inappropriate diction possible. Jove, in an extravaganza, swears or talks slang, or both; and Norma mourns for her children in cockney accents of lamentation. *Box*, on the other hand, becomes lyrical over his celebrated piece of bacon, and narrates the story of his pretended intention to commit suicide in the most high-flown language possible.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan entered fully into the spirit of this admirable operatic farce, and has introduced new contrasts by joining to Mr. Burnand's grotesque words his own most graceful music. *Cox and Box*; or, *The Long Lost Brothers* had been twice played in private, with a pianoforte accompaniment only. On Saturday, however, it was given with a full orchestra, under the direction of the composer. Mr. Sullivan has, I am very sorry to see, followed in this instance the advice given by Rossini on the subject of overture-writing to a young and incapable musician—he has written no overture at all; and, on Saturday, in the absence of a peculiar and appropriate prelude for *Cox and Box*, that of Auber to *Le Philtre* was played. *Cox and Box* must have its overture all the same. The music of *Cox and Box* consists of some eight or ten pieces. The work begins with a military solo by Bouncer, a retired volunteer or yeoman, whose song is partly solemn and quaint, in the style of the old *aria* of Handel's time, and partly light and lively, in that of Donizetti's very modern "Rataplan." This air, of a mixed character, produces an excellent effect. The lullaby sung by *Cox* to his bacon—

Hush-a-bye, bacon,
On the grid top,
Till I awaken
There you will stop—

is charmingly melodious. The entry of *Cox* singing and dancing with all the delight of a hard-working man who has just obtained a holiday is admirably humorous; and the duet between the two heroes, to which it naturally leads, has all the vivacity of Offenbach without a hint of his vulgarity. The graceful "serenade," accompanied by *Cox* on the gridiron (*quasi* guitar), and by *Box* on *Box's* hat (*quasi* concertina), is another of the most noticeable "numbers." Nor can I forget a magnificent dialogue piece, "Three years ago it was my fate to captivate a widow;" nor, above all, *Box's* account of the happy days of his courtship—which Mr. Sullivan has set to a very dolorous tune in a minor key. *Box's* narration of his pretended attempt to commit suicide is in the richest style of burlesque music; the imitation of sea-gulls in the orchestra where *Cox* "hears the wild sea-gulls' mournful cry" being particularly happy. The gambling duet, another dialogue duet, and the finale in which the perpetually recurring "Rataplan" of the opening air is heard for the last time, are all little masterpieces of comic music. I must add that Mr. George du Maurier, the well-known artist and caricaturist, did full justice to the arduous part of *Box*, that *Cox* found a worthy representative in Mr. Quintin, and that not a point was missed by Mr. Arthur Blunt in the trying rôle of Bouncer.

Everything has its fault, and, after due reflection, I have determined that the fault of this amateur performance was that there were too many men engaged in it. Mr. Ruskin would not have been in the slightest degree shocked; nothing more unlike the Covent Garden pantomime, with its rainbows and cascades of girls, could possibly be imagined. In the first piece, *Box* and *Cox*—I beg Mr. Burnand's pardon, *Cox* and *Box*—have a landlord given to them in lieu of the now almost traditional landlady. In *Cox and Box*, then, the stage is occupied and adorned by three men. This piece was followed by a vocal performance on the part of an exclusively masculine corps called the "Moray Minstrels," directed by Mr. John Foster. Then Mr. Shirley Brooks came on and recited his well-written and effective address. Then we had more "Moray Minstrels." In *A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing* it was—independently of the merit of the piece and the general excellence of the acting—at once a relief and a delight to see Miss Kate, Miss Ellen, and their clever little sister—a true child of genius—Miss Florence Terry. Lastly, however, came *Les Deux Aveugles*—entrusted to MM. Du Maurier and Power, supported by Mr. Horace Mayhew—who certainly walks across a bridge and throws a bad halfpenny to the poor as well as any man living.

But though somewhat over-manned, the performance was interesting from beginning to end. No entertainment was ever given with a better intention; but the charitable intention was not needed to recommend it to the favour of a very numerous audience, composed for the most part of persons whom no mediocre representation would be likely to content. The great success of the afternoon was, of course, *Cox and Box*—thanks to Mr. Burnand's clever and very humorous libretto, and thanks also to Mr. Sullivan's clever, humorous, and very beautiful music. *Cox and Box*, too, was to most persons entirely a novelty. But Mr. Tom Taylor's popular drama was admirably acted—so well that even by the side of such an actress as Miss Kate Terry, neither the author, nor Mr. Mark Lemon, the representative of Colonel Kirke, nor Mr. Burnand, who played the servant, nor Mr. Tenniel, nor Mr. Shirley Brooks, had at all the look of amateurs. —I am, Sir, yours with respect,

SHAVER SILVER.

[Where was the artist and caricaturist, Keen, Keane, or Keane? He ought surely to have taken a part. And so ought Perceval, or Percival, or Purcival, or Pursival (or in either case, vail) Lee, or Lea, or Leigh.—A. S. S.]

A SCHIRA.

CARO MAESTRO,—*Motus in fine velocior*. L'Impresa, per farla vedere a que' cattivi soggetti che sono il Pungolo ed il Trovatore, tenta ogni mezzo per tener aperto tutte le sere il Teatro e così compiere il numero delle rappresentazioni promesse e dovute agli abbonati. Ma non ci riesce, poichè la sfortuna la perseguita. Anche il tenore Steger, stanco delle 46

o 50 rappresentazioni che dovette dare al Regio di Torino, si è ammalo e non si sa se potrà più cantare! Per ripiegare hanno scritturato il tenore Musiani, che andrà in scena questa sera nel *Trovatore*; e così coll' *Attila*, fischiatto tutte le sere, e col *Trovatore* si chiuderà la *brillantissima* e memorabile stagione. Si è detto che tutti gli sforzi di Brunello non riescono a nulla essendo impossibile, co' magnifici spettacoli che hanno in piedi, di dar opera tutte le sere. Mancano 13 rappresentazioni, compresa quella di Beneficenza, e non ci sono che 8 giorni, ne' quali non ne potranno dare che 5 od al più 6. Così si avvererà la predizione del *Trovatore*, (che data dai primi giorni di gennaio) colla quale si prevedeva che gli abbonati avrebbero perduto dalle 7 alle 8 rappresentazioni!

L'amico *Bepeto* del cor però li ha ricompensati largamente, col dar loro uno spettacolo che vale 8 *Attila*, cioè il suo *Memorandum al pubblico milanese*, che il *Trovatore* avrebbe voluto anatomizzare parte per parte e metter un po' in ridicolo, se non fosse stato prevenuto dal *Pungolo*. Non avremmo saputo con tutto il nostro talento meglio analizzare quel sublime documento di quello che ha fatto il *Pungolo*. È impossibile dare ai lettori un'idea di questa pubblicazione, redatta in forma di *Memorandum*, e divisa in due parti. Vi ha in essa del *Falstaff*, del *Pulcinella*, del *Capitan Cuivello* e del *Sancio Pancia*. Si possono fare molti e molti appunti sulle castronerie infilate una dietro l'altra come argomenti incontrovertibili per provare una cosa assurda—cioè che l'Impresa, assenziente la Direzione, non ha mancato agli impegni assunti verso il pubblico; che gli abbonati non furono inqualificabilmente mistificati e impunemente defraudati delle nuove opere annunziate e successivamente scomparse dal cartellone; che l'Impresa ha sottostato alla perdita di oltre 100,000 lire (!!!) ed altre cento corbellerie di questo calibro, alle quali ci riserbiamo di rispondere partitamente se non altro per dimostrare che Milano non è città dove si possa dar corso e credito a fanfaluche così strapalate. È innegabile che, come forma, il *Memorandum* Brunello è addirittura un capolavoro. È tutto un lungo, atroce e premeditato assassinio di lingua, di grammatica, di senso comune. (E che cosa mai sarebbe stato se lo avesse scritto lui!) Osservate, signori, osservate! grida dall'alto del suo foglio di carta l'impresario Brunello; e voi l'udite parlare di *bataglie*, di *vittorie*, di *sconfitte*, di *averi* (sic) e di *fatiche sagrificate*; della *crittologia dei tenori*, del *grippe delle prime donne*; e protesta, e piagnucola, e fa lazzi—finché date in uno scoppio di risa, vendendo che il Brunello si è scaldato al punto di crederci un Napoleone I o a parlarvi sul serio del suo Waterloo! Si può immaginare se il successo d'Maritù ottenuto da questa buffonata fu generale e completo. Avvi un certo punto in cui l'impresario Brunello finì di andare in collera colla Direzione, sua buona e compiacente amica, protestando che fu essa che colle sue tiranniche esigenze lo ha rovinato. Questa parte della farsa fu sceneggiata benissimo; e vi par di vedere il cavalier direttore Borghetti, appuntare al petto del povero Brunello un coltellaccio da beccajo, e protestare con voce cupa e profonda, presa a prestito dai tiranni della Stadera, a nome dell'arte sacrilegamente vilipesa, a nome dei diritti del pubblico indegnamente manomessi. La scena è un capolavoro di esecuzione, e fatta così bene da provare precisamente il contrario. Il pubblico ha riso alle lagrime, e avrebbe gridato: *Brava la Direzione!*... se la Direzione non avesse sdegnato di dividere, come collaboratrice alla farsa, il trionfale successo ottenuto dal suo prediletto Brunello.

Per esaminare una ad una le ragioni addotte dal Brunello, ci vorrebbe un volume, e sarebbe ora fiato sprecato, poichè i due soci e la Direzione sono giudicati, e tutte le lettere, tutti gli opuscoli, tutte le loro difese e tutte le loro cavatine, non varrebbero più a nulla. Il socio del Brunello, lo Zamperoni, sebbene letterato quanto il Bepeto, ha avuto più naso che costui e si è rifiutato di mettere il suo nome sotto quella filatessa di buaggini, lasciando il suo caro compagno nella *dagna*, affinché dopo le buasse si pigliassi anche le beffe. E beffe in fatti è stato il raccolto. Non ci voleva che quest'ultimo raggio di sapienza per dar prove dell'ingegno di coloro cui sono state affidate le sorti del *prima teatro del mondo* (come lo si chiama tuttora per celia). Non ci voleva che una zucca come quella di Brunello per pensare a mandar fuori quel *potentone stampato*, per credere che il pubblico milanese sia sì gonzo da prestar fede alle sue parole, per far un giuoco di bossolotti e voler far credere assolutamente che le promesse furono mantenute, che l'arte non fu malmenata e che il pubblico ha tutti i torti di lagnarsi, e per lanciare, in fine, accuse a dritta e a mancina a persone che domani lo avrebbero potuto smascherare, come avvenne col coreografo Tagliani, colla Destin, collo scenografo Peroni, col m.° Bona e col Mazzucato, che sta distillando l'acquavite per il nostro caro Brunello. Questa non è più ignoranza, questa è imbecillità assoluta e senza esempio.

Per prova che nel Brunello, o sia ignoranza, oppure speranza di trovar minchioni che gli prestino fede, non occorrerebbe altro se non vedere che egli attribuisce tutto il mal andamento della stagione alla caduta del *Don Sebastiano*! Il malanno bisogna farlo risalire da tre o quattro mesi prima, quando gl'impresari della Scala avrebbero potuto scritturare, perchè c'era, un soprano (l'assenza del quale fu il perno dei loro guai) e quando per gretterla e per avidità di maggior lucro, in cambio di formare una compagnia di artisti o ignoti, o incerti, o mediocri, o nulli, o

impossibili, si fossero accaparrati cantanti degni della Scala, di nome e di fatto. Se è vero che all'Impresa è toccata la perdita di 100,000 lire, peggio per essa: *chi sbaglia di testa, paga di borsa*. Ma v'è un peggio maggiore, ed è che, grazie ad essa, la Scala ha avuto l'ultimo colpo, ed è andata così basso che non sappiamo se si potrà più sollevarsi. Il credito ormai è perduto. Sarà una buona lezione anche per il Governo, il quale (se pur la Scala continuerà a fruire della solita sovvenzione) un'altra volta non darà il Teatro al primo capitato, od a qualunque potrà dare una cauzione, ma ad un Impresario che possa presentare attestati di *capacità*, di *intelligenza* e di *avvedutezza*.

Prima di terminare, dobbiamo tener parola dell' esito ottenuto da quell' eminente artista che è il tenore Steger, nel *Trovatore*. Quantunque affaticato ed indisposto egli ha saputo, con quell'artista di cui conosce tutti i più intimi segreti, riportare un vero trionfo, e più significante inquantochè pochi credevano che egli potesse riuscire in un'opera italiana, e poi perchè egli succedeva ad un altro artista che a ragione o a torto come Manrico aveva fatto furore, e, per ultimo, perchè trepidante come un fanciullo e come chi per la prima volta si presentasse al pubblico, egli aveva cominciato non troppo felicemente la serenata. Ma bastarono le poche frai del terzetto per fargli prendere coraggio e per farsi applaudire e la sua aria per sollevare tali e sì cordiali e generali ovazioni, da ricordare quelle dell' *Ebreu* e da meritarsi tre chiamate al prosenio, fortuna che non ebbe mai il suo antecessore. Pari successo gli arrise nell'atto quarto, nel terzettino, dove fu veramente quel grande cantante e quel grande attore che l'anno scorso si fece conoscere e che gli guadagnò la stima di tutto il pubblico milanese, stima che non gli venne meno in questa occasione.

È una cosa veramente strana, singolare ed inesplicabile, come nei nostri grandi Teatri per quante compagnie si abbiano, non si possa mai avere un repertorio, variarlo ed evitare che dopo un fiasco, o si debba tener chiuso, il Teatro, oppure continuare con spettacoli monchi, noiosi ed indigesti. Ciò che avviene da noi, non accade mai all'estero, dove vediamo sempre che con tre, ed anche con due compagnie, il Teatro è sempre aperto ed ogni sera si cambia opera. Dedichiamo, come saggio e come esempio per i nostri Teatri, una nota degli spettacoli datati di questi, ultimi giorni al Teatro d'Oriente di Madrid. Raccomandiamo soprattutto questo fatto ai signori della Scala!... Ecco dunque il repertorio datosi a Madrid dal 7 al 23 marzo.

7 marzo, *Favorita*; 9 marzo, *Trovatore*; 11 marzo, *Maria*; 12 marzo, *Roberto il Diavolo*; 13 marzo, *Poliuto*; 14 marzo, *Saffo*; 16 marzo, *Africana*; 17 marzo, *Borgia*; 19 marzo, *Africana*; 20 marzo, *Faust*; 21 marzo, *Macbeth*; 23 marzo, *Roberto il Diavolo*.

In 12 giorni 10 opere!!!

Alla Scala di questi miracoli non sarebbero capaci da farli neppure con 7 compagnie!—Addio, carissimo Schira!

DUBILLON D'ENGELURE.

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT.

"Douglas," "Tender and True," and "Leave me not, Douglas."

SIR,—As a good deal of confusion is apt to arise with regard to the three songs above named, permit me to state that the last mentioned is the only edition of Mr. Peter Gardner's beautiful lines, "Douglas, Tender and True," the first verse of which runs as follows:—"Leave me not, grieve me not, Douglas, Douglas; Madly I love thee and sadly I'll rue; Earth will be dreary and mirth itself weary: Abide with me, Douglas, tender and true." It is published by Simpson, 266, Regent Street, and the music is composed by your obedient servant,
EDWIN STANDSTILL.

St. Mark's Crescent, Regent's Park, April 1867.

[Mr. Standstill should be apprised that the abovegoing is an advertisement, and that advertisements are usually paid for.—A. S. S.]

A MONS. CAMPBELL CLARKE.

MONSIEUR.—Nous sortons de l'Opéra où il nous a été donné d'assister à un des plus magnifiques succès qui aient jamais illustré cette scène glorieuse. La première représentation du nouveau chef-d'œuvre de Meyerbeer a eu lieu. Toutes nos prévisions ont été réalisées. Depuis la répétition solennelle de dimanche dernier, il n'était pas possible de douter un seul instant de ce splendide résultat. LL. MM. l'Empereur et l'Impératrice honoraient de leur présence cette représentation qui a été une joie, un triomphe, une succession d'ovations sans fin. Les auteurs n'ont pas été nommés, mais la pièce finie au bruit de braves retentissans; l'orchestre, après quelques momens de silence, a fait entendre l'admirable ritournelle qui précède l'air de Selika, cette ritournelle merveilleuse que le public venait de bisser avec frénésie, et le rideau s'est relevé. Le buste de Meyerbeer était sur la scène, entouré de tous les artistes qui tendaient vers lui des couronnes d'or et de laurier.

Le public a salué avec un enthousiasme indicible ce buste glorieux et jamais ovation ne fut, on peut le dire, plus émouvante et plus solennelle. Nous avons raconté la pièce mardi dernier; nous avons parlé rapidement de cette partition colossale que la postérité placera à côté de *Robert-le-Diable* et des *Huguenots*. Ce ne serait pas le moment d'entamer une analyse développée d'une œuvre de cette importance. Nous réservons ce travail pour les jours qui vont suivre. *L'Africaine* est un événement musical que nous avons largement le temps de commenter. Cet admirable opéra va occuper successivement la presse et le public, et nous y reviendrons à notre aise. L'exécution a été des plus brillantes. Naudin charmant dans le rôle de Vasco, Faure qui chante d'une façon miraculeuse le rôle de Nelusko, Mme. Saxe l'admirable et passionnée Zelika, Mlle. Battu, Belval, tous les artistes qui ont prêté leur concours à cette interprétation hors ligne, recevront de notre part le tribut d'éloges auquel ils ont droit. Contentons-nous, aujourd'hui, de leur adresser toutes nos félicitations les plus vives et les plus sincères, ainsi qu'à l'habile directeur à qui nous devons la réalisation d'un si beau succès et de ces éclatantes et grandioses merveilles.—Vos serviteurs,

LES DEUX AVEUGLES DE TOLEDO.

[Has not this communication been delayed in transmission?—A. S. S.]

TO W. H. CLEMOW, Esq.

SIR,—The Dean of Gloucester some months ago started a proposition for the raising of 50,000*l.* for the restoration of the noble old cathedral of Gloucester. Reparations have been going on at the expense of the chapter for years, but this was to be a special and exhaustive effort. Mr. Gilbert Scott was made architect of the cathedral, and he has embodied the results of a careful survey he made in a detailed report he has just presented to the dean and chapter. He proposes reparation and restoration, the estimated cost of which is 45,000*l.*—17,000*l.* for external, 22,000*l.* for internal works, and 6,000*l.* for incidental expenses. The estimate includes 1,000*l.* for gas-lighting. The whole spirit of his report centres in the one word "restore." "My main aim," he says, "is the limitation of the works of restoration in such a degree as to render them as conservative as possible of ancient work. I should earnestly desire not to renew a stone which is not so decayed as absolutely to demand it, and to decide all questions which occur with a leaning to conversion rather than to restoration or removal." He admits the need of adapting cathedrals and their services to the requirements of the day, and says the first question is how to deal with the choir in its relations to the nave. The normal relations of choir and nave are simply that the one is for those engaged in the celebration of the services, and the other for the congregation. But during the middle ages it became customary to sever the two by a close screen, and finally, the changes at the Reformation causing an attenuated ecclesiastical staff, the result was that clergy and people were included in the choir. The spirit of the present day is raising the question whether it is consistent with zeal or common sense thus to waste two-thirds of the area of our greater churches. Two courses have been followed: at York and Westminster there is a separate service in the nave; at Durham and elsewhere an open screen enables the people in the nave to join in the service going on in the choir. If the new plan required the removal of an ancient screen, Mr. Scott would object to it *in toto*; but, as at Gloucester the ancient stone screen has given place to two generations of modern successors, he suggests the substitution of an open screen, strongly objecting, however, to any tampering with the historical arrangement of the choir and its stalls. Two pulpits should be provided—one for the choir and one for the nave. It would be possible to place the organ above the screen, as at Overwessel, on the Rhine, or to erect it beneath the arch of one of the transepts. Mr. Scott gives in detail the list of the restorations. The stonework of the choir must be cleaned; the screens and many monuments and chapels restored; all mutilated stonework repaired, and so on. The reredos, one of the most gorgeous specimens of decorative painting in the country, should be untouched. If anything is done with reference to stained glass, he strongly recommends that the work shall be given to Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham, some of whose windows in the north aisle of the nave are mentioned as the most successful restorations of fifteenth century glass he (Mr. Scott) has ever met with.—Your obedient Servant,

THOMAS NOON GADD.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

SIR,—Signor Mario did not particularly exert himself on Saturday evening. Why should he? It was Mdlle. Patti's first night, and Rosina was the heroine, without Count Almaviva's being the hero of the night. But every one knows that Signor Mario, as Almaviva, is incomparable; and it was, perhaps, from a just consciousness that such Almavivas are rare that he on this occasion took such care of himself.

Signor Cotogni is not a very humorous Figaro—unless perpetual exhibition of the teeth be held to constitute humour. To his eternal grin no one seemed to reply by even the slightest smile. Nor are his merits as a singer such as to compensate for his deficiencies as a comic actor. In serious parts we have scarcely yet heard him.

Signor Ciampi, the Don Bartolo of the evening, possesses what is called "dry humour"—which is very like a contradiction of terms. He certainly strives to render the character of Bartolo amusing, and is certainly familiar with all the "business" of the part.

Shaber Shiber.

TO HENRY JARRETT, Esq.

SIR,—When after we have had no opera at all for more than half a year two operas are set going at the same time, it is consistent on the part of the managers to appoint the same night for the production of their respective novelties. Thus, the revival of *Masaniello* at the Royal Italian Opera exactly coincided with that of *I Lombardi* at Her Majesty's Theatre. The second performance of *I Lombardi* at the one house took place simultaneously with the first of the *Marriage of Figaro* at the other. Finally, Signor Tasca was to have come out as Raoul in the Haymarket the same night that Mdlle. Adelina Patti made her first appearance as Rosina at Covent Garden—to the disadvantage evidently of the new Raoul. It is strange that neither manager will recognize either Wednesday or Friday as a possible operatic night.—Your obedient servant,

THOMAS NOON GADD.

TO DISHLEY PETERS, Esq.

SIR,—If you have occasion to visit St. George's Hall, do not suffer yourself to be deprived of your hat at the entrance, by an individual who tells you that such is the regulation, and that no hats are permitted to be taken into the stalls. I was weak enough to believe him, and had to pay sixpence as the penalty of my credulity. Whereat I was sore disgusted, as I saw many hats (opera and otherwise) caps, Scotch bonnets, and head coverings of multifarious kind duly installed, and escaping the fine wrung from your ill-used contributor,

DRINKWATER HARD.

The Pump, Spring Gardens.

P.S.—Dr. A. S. S. was good enough to remark, with regard to my last contribution, that I was "wrong as usual." This I take to be a high compliment, as I am generally, and, therefore, usually right. The error, on the occasion referred to, arose from the statement on the Crystal Palace programme, and not from any misconception of

D. H.

MISS MADELINE SCHILLER'S CONCERT.—The evening concert of the young and eminent pianist, Miss Madeline Schiller, took place on Wednesday at St. George's Hall. The attendance was large and fashionable. Miss Madeline Schiller fully sustained her high reputation as a classical performer in Beethoven's grand sonata in E flat major, for pianoforte and violin, in which she was ably assisted by Mr. Henry Holmes; in Chopin's grand *polonaise* in E flat (encored); and Mendelssohn's grand trio in D minor (Op. 49) for piano, violin, and violoncello, in which she enjoyed the co-operation of Messrs. Holmes and Paque. As a fantasia player Miss Schiller no less distinguished herself in Thalberg's *L'Elisir d'Amore* and Signor Tito Mattei's "Grande Valse," winning loud and reiterated applause for all her efforts. Such talent as that of Miss Schiller's is rare, but the public have done full justice to the artist. In other respects the concert was entitled to notice. The singers were Mdlle. Leibhart, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Frank Standing. Mr. John Thomas played a solo on the harp. The vocal successes of the evening were due to Mdlle. Leibhart in Abt's "Cuckoo Song" and Ganz's "Love hailed," both encored; to Miss Julia Elton in Randegger's cradle song, "Peacefully slumber," accompanied by the composer with violoncello *obligato*, also encored; to Mr. Frank Standing, a young artist with a fine baritone voice, in the popular "Non è ver"; to Mr. W. H. Cummings, in "Adelaide," accompanied by Miss Schiller; and to Mr. Weiss in his "Village Blacksmith," of course encored. Messrs. Benedict, Ganz, Randegger, and Aguilar were the accompanists.

BASHI BAZOOK.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Liebig with his orchestra is giving a series of very successful concerts every evening in the Hôtel de Pologne.

NUREMBERG.—Herr Niemann has been singing here with great applause.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Howard Glover's benefit concert this year took place on Monday morning at St. James's Hall. There was a large and fashionable attendance. The numbers and elegance of the company are not to be wondered at. Mr. Glover puts forth three especial claims to the consideration of the musical public—he is a professor of singing, he is a professor of the pianoforte, and he is a composer of standing and of acknowledged high merit. Moreover, it is a matter of tradition that his concerts are most excellent of their kind, and that in them it is likely to hear all that is worth hearing in a concert-room throughout the season. On this occasion Mr. Glover's selection exhibited no degeneracy from former times. The vocalists and instrumentalists were as eminent, the pieces as numerous as ever. The singers were—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Rose Hersee, Mdle. Liebhart, Miss Webster, Miss Urquhart, Mdle. Marie Gondil, Mdle. Drasil, Miss Clara Vandeleur, Madame Weiss, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Madame Emmeline Cole, Madame Laura Baxter, Madame Blanche de Landre, Madame Rudersdorff, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Reichardt, George Perren, Wilford Morgan, Farquharson, G. F. Jefferys, and Weiss; the instrumentalists—Miss Kathleen Ryan, Miss Ida Henry, Miss Matilda Baxter, and Mr. Charles Hallé (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello). The pieces amounted to upwards of thirty, which it is impossible to do more than name a few that were most eminently successful. We need hardly say that Mr. Sims Reeves was the star of the concert. He sang Mr. Howard Glover's charmingly poetical effusion to Shelley's words, "I arise from dreams of thee," with infinite grace and feeling, and a perfection of voice and intonation that could not be surpassed. The applause which followed was equivalent to a redemand, but Mr. Reeves only returned and bowed. In his second song, "The Requital," the encore was irresistible, and Mr. Reeves was enforced to sing again. Encores were also accorded to Miss Edith Wynne, in Bishop's "Love has eyes," and to Mr. Wilford Morgan in his own song, "My sweetheart when a boy." Herr Reichardt sang his new song, "Tell me it is not so," which promises to attain as wide a popularity as "Thou art so near and yet so far." Benedict's "Carnaval de Venise" was brilliantly warbled by Miss Rose Hersee; Miss Louisa Pyne gave her most perfect voice and singing to Meyer Lutz's ballad, "A Sigh went floating on the Breeze;" Mdle. Liebhart sang with much sweetness Wrighton's ballad, "The Wishing Cap;" Madame Sainton-Dolby gave a classic reading of Mozart's "Addio," and Madame Rudersdorff an expressive delivery of Juliet's song, "A sweet good-night," by Mr. Howard Glover. The instrumental performances were entitled to favourable notice. The piano was in the ascendant. Mr. Charles Hallé played Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" in his finest manner; Miss Kathleen Ryan displayed admirable taste in Mr. Howard Glover's "Baby's Song;" and undeniable brilliancy of finger in Mr. Walter Macfarren's "Tarentella;" and the Misses Ida Henry and Matilda Baxter showed capital ensemble playing in Reinecke's fantasia on Schumann's *Manfred*. For the rest we must content ourselves with naming M. Sainton's splendid execution in his own fantasia on *Il Trovatore*, and Signor Piatti's equally splendid execution in his own piece for violoncello on *Marino Faliero*. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, G. B. Allen, Aguilar, and Howard Glover.

HERR REICHARDT'S MATINEE MUSICALE.—The favourite tenor singer, Herr Reichardt, gave his *matinée* at Dudley House on Friday last, by permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley, under the patronage of some members of the Royal family, and several distinguished nobles and members of the *haut ton*, many of whom were present. A selection from Mr. Benedict's new cantata, *A Legend of St. Cecilia*, was the speciality of the *matinée*. Mr. Ganz presided at the pianoforte, and the choruses were given by the members of his amateur choir. The solos were sung by Mdle. Enequist, Madame Patey-Whytock, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Patey. Mdle. Enequist sang the air, "Praise the Lord," with telling voice and no lack of fervour, and in the concluding *scena* and *finale*, "Bear him away," and "Those whom the Highest one befriends," as well as in the trio, with Herr Reichardt and Mr. Patey, "Farewell, but for awhile," she was loudly applauded. Madame Patey-Whytock, in the popular prayer, "Father, whose blessing," sang with her accustomed taste and feeling. Messrs. Cowen and Ganz played the march as a duet. The first part concluded with a performance, on the Mustel organ by M. Lemmens, of two pieces of his own composition, both instrument and player pleasing universally. The second part commenced with a new song, by Herr Reichardt, "Tell me it is not so." This song bids fair to rival the best of those graceful ballads of sentiment which have in so marked a manner gained the public ear, and which the composer has so popularized by his singing for years past in this country. Herr Reichardt also gave two other songs of his own—"This heart of mine," and "I long for the Violet of Spring,"—with equal satisfaction and pleasure. Miss Louisa Pyne sang Signor Schira's melodious *aria*, "Sognai," with faultless taste and expression, and, with Herr Reichardt, gave the duet, "Chanson du Mageli," from M. Gounod's *Mérelle*. Mr. Patey adventured the song, "O Star

of Eve," from *Tannhäuser*. Master Cowen, in Chopin's graceful ballad in A flat, was loudly applauded; Mr. John Thomas no less pleased in his harp fantasia, "Pensive and joyous;" and Signor Pezze made his effect in a violoncello solo. The concert concluded with Niedermeyer's popular *villanella*, "Pour les attrait." Messrs. Ganz and Har-gitt were the accompanists.

BASHI BAZOOK.

MISS ADELAIDE BLISS'S first concert took place at the Beethoven Rooms on Tuesday May 14th. The young lady possesses a powerful soprano voice, and it has been admirably cultivated. These qualifications she showed in Mercadante's *cavatina*, "Or la sull onda," "Qui la voce" (Bellini), and "The Lover and the Bird" (Guglielmo), the last being loudly encored. Hummel's trio, Op. 12, opened the concert. It was well and evenly played by Miss Ellen Bliss, Mr. Vivien, and Herr Schubert. Molloy's song, "Clochette," was capably sung by Madame Sauerbrey; Rossini's "Largo al factotum," was given with immense spirit by Mr. Leonard Walker. Miss Ellen Bliss played Mendelssohn's *Andante e Rondo Capriccioso* in a very creditable manner. Miss Barry Eldon sang Coenen's "Lovely Spring," and "A Sigh went floating on the Breeze." Mr. Renwick pleased much in Sullivan's song, "A weary lot is thine, fair maid," and Mr. Frank Elmore sang Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," with taste and feeling. Herr Schubert gave two solos on the violoncello, Herr Oberthür a solo on the harp, and played the harp accompaniment to his own song, "Je voudrais être," sung by Madame Sauerbrey. Mr. Henry Parker was the accompanist; and the rooms were very full.

BARNSTAPLE.—The inhabitants of this town were gratified by two musical performances lately in the Town Hall under very distinguished patronage. The first performance on Monday was Handel's *Judas Macabæus*, given with a complete orchestra and an efficient chorus, which went off with much *éclat*. The concert on the following evening was also well supported and fashionably attended. The artists engaged at both performances were Miss Banks, Miss Horn, Master Edwards, of Barnstaple, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Drayton, with a full orchestra and choros. The overtures to *Oberon*, *Fidelio*, *Zauberflöte*, and *Italiana in Algeri* were efficiently given. Miss Banks sang "The Lover and his Bird" (encored), an Italian *cavatina*, &c., and joined in some concerted pieces with Miss Horn, Messrs. Cummings and Drayton. Mr. W. H. Cummings in "Draw the sword, Scotland" was encored, and in a new vocal duet by Mr. J. P. Knight, with Miss Horn, "Where the roses grow," created a great sensation. The duet is one of the composer's happiest efforts, and is written (the tenor part) expressly for Mr. Cummings; it was sung by both artists with such effect, that an irresistible demand for its repetition was made by the audience. Master Edwards, son of a local professor, played two pieces by Weber and Sydney Smith with great brilliancy and applause. Some capital part-singing was also given by the local choirs.—B. B.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LONGMANS.—"Six Lectures on Harmony," by G. A. Macfarren.
M'Kewan (Hinceley).—"Those Eyes" and "The Stream," madrigals for four voices;
"Twilight," "Spring Time," and "The Cup of Joy," part-songs for four voices.
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